

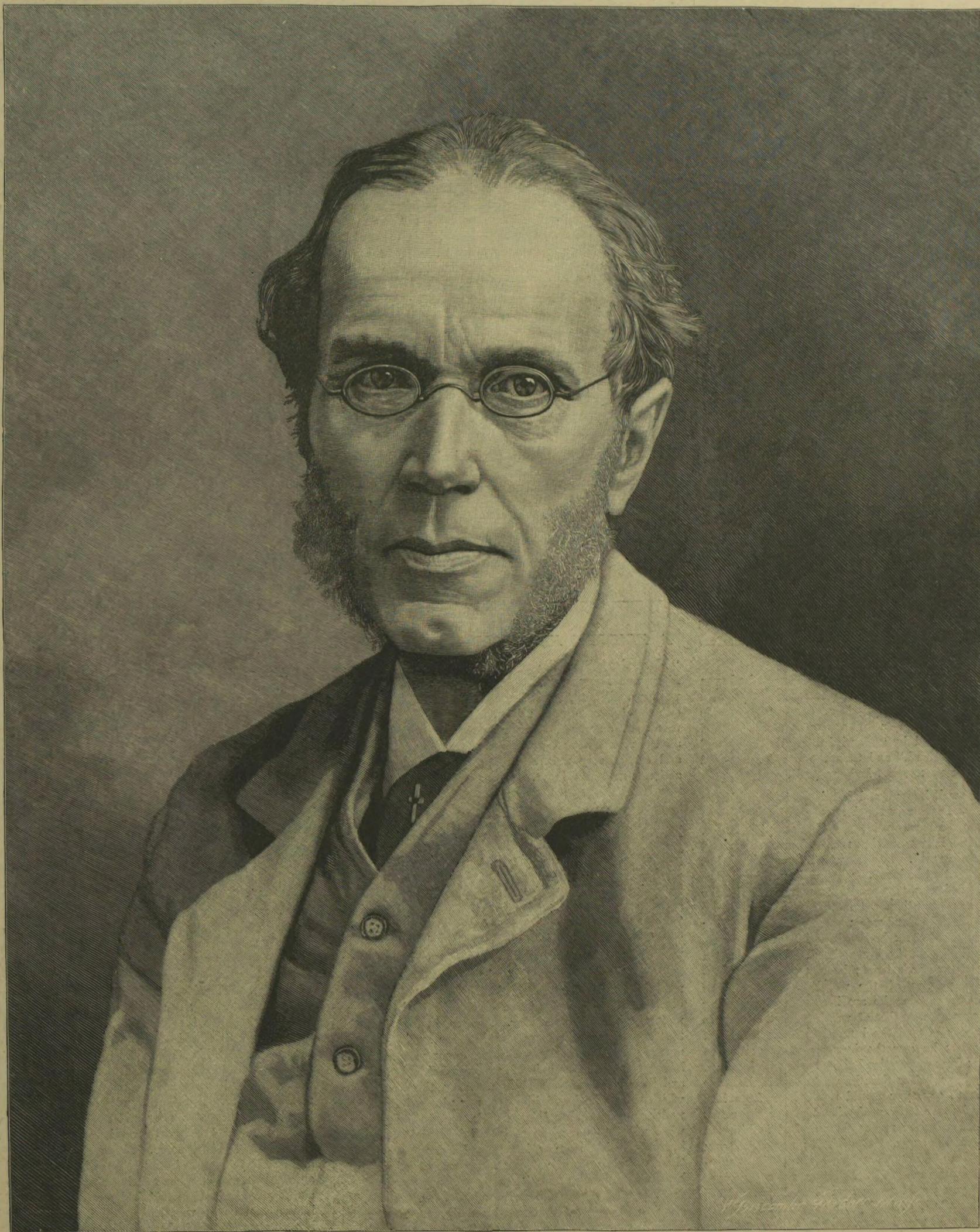
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE LATE MR. JAMES PAYN.

Engraved by W. Biscombe Gardner from a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry; Baker Street.

THE LATE MR. JAMES PAYN.

We regret to announce that Mr. James Payn died at his residence, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, on Friday evening, March 25. His loss to literature and to good-comradeship has already been commemorated in the daily press by many pens, but to readers of this Journal his death comes with peculiar sadness, and will prove to hundreds and thousands who have never met him face to face a source of the deepest sorrow. He has charmed them by his unflagging humour, by his pleasant wit, by his boundless fund of good anecdote. Among our readers he made no enemies, but hosts of friends; among his brother authors he was universally beloved. To two of his most intimate friends, Sir Walter Besant and Sir Wemyss Reid, we are indebted for some reminiscences of his career. Certain other distinguished brother novelists have joined in the tributes to the love and esteem that they one and all felt for him.

A TRIBUTE FROM SIR WALTER BESANT.

When these lines reach the reader the man of whom they speak will have been dead a week—dead and buried; and already assigned to his place in Victorian Literature by the daily papers. The weekly journal suffers the disadvantage of having to speak, every week, on subjects which have already been discussed from day to day. The death of James Payn, however, is one which specially interests the readers of *The Illustrated London News*, to whom he had made himself a personal friend by that delightful *causerie* in which until recently he treated of the current topic with a pen that was always humorous, always bright, always unexpected, and never ill-natured.

It is now some five-and-twenty years since I first made the acquaintance of James Payn. Long before that date I seem to have known him—not so much from his writings as from his sayings. In the late 'fifties he used to run up to Cambridge from time to time, there to dine at his old College, Trinity, where he delighted the Combination Room by telling story after story in endless succession. Among my friends at that time was a certain Junior Fellow of Trinity, who used to remember and to repeat these stories. A year or two later, when Payn was writing a Guide Book to the Lakes, his companion was another friend of mine, with whom he wandered about the country, talking, and taking great care not to climb any of the mountains. From that companion I heard more of Payn's stories. After that one began to hear of him in another way. Certain very humorous papers by him began to appear in *Household Words*. I wonder if any one of my readers remembers "Blobbs of Wadham."

He then became editor of *Chambers's Journal*: he began to write novels: I think the long series commenced with a one-volume story, now forgotten, called "Bateman's Folly," or some such title—a first attempt at a story. This, however, was followed by "Married Beneath Him" and "Lost Sir Massingberd," and then the world recognised the fact that a new novelist had appeared.

The rest is well known, and has been told in all the papers. James Payn was the best type of the modern man of letters. He was poet, novelist, essayist, editor, journalist, critic, literary adviser: he did everything, and he did everything well. His life was full of labour, but it was the labour that he loved. "There is nothing in the world," said Thackeray, "so good for a man as to get the desire of his heart and then not to tire of it." Payn got the desire of his heart and was never tired of it. More: he was always proud of it: he loved the life of letters: he stood up manfully for the brotherhood. He was not a moralist; he was not a satirist; he never became indignant over the wrongs of the world—it is a curious fact that so many people who are incapable of wronging anyone are equally incapable of wrath because others are wronged: he was always the humorist; he was, in fact, a born humorist: he saw the humour of the situation in everything: his conversation bubbled over with humour. He talked, perhaps, better than he wrote, but in the same style: that is to say, you would never hear from him the studied epigram of the professional wit, or the retort which cuts like a knife: nor would you find in him the desire to shine at the expense of a friend; nor would you note the ambition of being thought a great wit in conversation. Yet he was a great wit. Epigram, repartee, scorn, sneer, or gibe you would never hear from Payn. If the subject did not admit of kindly, humorous, and friendly illustration he would pass it over. Payn's life should be written as a model to the younger men, those who are beginning. They would learn from it many useful lessons: those of courage, self-reliance, industry, resolution, in the

first instance. They would also learn that good spirits and confidence are part of a writer's equipment, as they are of a soldier's. They would learn to avoid the besetting sin of their craft—the belief that every *littérateur* has the right, as such, to criticise and judge his fellows: they would learn that it is better to welcome and to applaud than to find fault and to depreciate; they would learn that sunshine is wanted in literature as well as "style": they might, perhaps—but this is harder—learn that matter is a greater thing than manner: they would certainly learn that in the life of letters the nearer one gets to the top the more room there is: and they would learn that when a man takes upon himself the profession of letters, he must give himself, heart and soul, the best of himself, to everything that he attempts or achieves.

Some fifteen years ago, being then at Avignon, in the South of France, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman, then of advanced age. He was, I believe, a country gentleman of Warwickshire. He took up a book of James Payn's which was lying on the table in the "Salon de Lecture." "Ah!" he said, "Payn! I knew him when he was a boy. Jemmy Payn. Poor Jemmy! He was always lying about reading Shakspere and the like. I knew he would come to no good. And now look at him! Deplorable indeed!" Poor Jemmy!

On another occasion, being at Warkworth in Northumberland, there came swaggering into the smoking-room a person of the kind they now call "Bounder." He sat down and began to talk: he turned the talk upon literature, and spoke of himself as belonging to the Republic of Letters. This set me against him, because if there is any profession less republican than another it is that of letters, in which there is no equality at all and no level, not even a dead level. I resolved not to show the least curiosity about him, and pretended never to have heard of such a thing as a book. In the morning, however, I asked the landlady who the Bounder was. "Lord, Sir!" she replied. "Don't you know? He's the great James Payn." Great he was—the big, fat, bulky bullock of a Pretender the Great. But he was not James Payn.

One more note about him. Some years ago I met him in the street. He assumed an air of the greatest solicitude. "They tell me," he said, "that you are going to lecture on the Art of Fiction." I acknowledged the fact. "I say," he caught my arm very earnestly. "For the Lord's sake don't tell 'em how it's done!"

Farewell, James Payn. It will be long before we find another so kindly, so free from malice, hatred, or envy: so ready to welcome the newcomer: so eager to recognise whatever good could be discerned in the writings of his contemporaries and his rivals.

A TRIBUTE FROM SIR WEMYSS REID.

"Naturalness," as the readers of *The Illustrated London News* well know, was the prevailing note in Mr. Payn's writings. Whatever else he might be as novelist, essayist, or story-teller, he was at least always natural. And, in this case, as was the writer so was the man. Among all the men I have ever known none was more distinctly and consistently natural in speech, in thought, and in action than James Payn. Often one thought of him as a new Leigh Hunt without Leigh Hunt's failings. Nobody, indeed, could have been more entirely free than he was from Hunt's special weaknesses on such matters as punctuality and the payment of one's bills. But like Hunt he had the sunny and confiding nature of a child. Like Hunt he always spoke what he thought and felt, and sternly refused to bow the knee to the dictatorship of fashion. Like Hunt he had the heart of gold, which enabled him to love his neighbour as much as he loved himself, and to spread around him an atmosphere of sympathy and geniality in which it was good to be allowed to bask.

It is for this reason that when I try to set down some reminiscences of James Payn for the benefit of the readers of *The Illustrated London News*, I find that all my memories are of one colour. All are, in fact, bathed in that sunshine of kindness and humour and warm good-natured laughter that seemed to accompany Payn wherever he went, and that even in his prolonged ordeal of sickness and sorrow did not desert him. Amid the deep grief in which those who loved him are now plunged there is an under-current of cheerfulness. We cannot think of him as wholly lost to us, while we recall his bright smile, and hear again his ringing laugh, and listen once more to those outpourings of wit and fancy and inextinguishable human kindness, which for so many happy years made no small part of the sunshine of our own lives. No shadows seem to fall around that well-loved figure. The touch of death has wrought the inevitable transfiguration, glorifying the frail mortal who has put off the flesh and put on immortality. But to those who knew and loved him, the change is hardly perceptible. In our eyes, his features

were always radiant with that light that never was on sea or land. No cloud, no shadow ever seemed to dim the brightness of his face or soul.

Eight or nine years ago, if I remember aright, *The Illustrated London News* published certain views of the interior of the Reform Club. Among them was one representing a table in the Coffee-Room at which five men were seated—Payn, William Black, Sir John Robinson, George Augustus Sala, and the present writer. For more years than I can remember that luncheon-table was one of the features of the club. There day after day Payn met certain of his friends, and gave them such entertainment over their simple mid-day meal as the costliest banquet in all London could not have furnished. How the laughter from that table rang through the long room, occasionally scandalising, it is to be feared, the grave politicians who sat elsewhere! But Payn was a privileged person there as everywhere. His sunny soul thawed everything with which it came in contact, and even those members of the club who did not know him personally seemed pleased to hear his cheery voice and to know that he was in one of his happiest moods. For then, as always, there was something infectious in his kindly gaiety; and all who came in contact with him seemed forthwith to be transformed into a joyous frame of mind. If clubs, like American States, were permitted to name their favourite son, Payn would have been thus honoured by every club of which he was a member.

I see that in some of the notices which have appeared since his death he is spoken of as a dinner-out. No greater mistake could have been made. I do not suppose that in the last twenty years of his life Payn dined out twenty times. He hated the formality of a dinner-party, the prolonged sitting over the food, the profitless small-talk, and, one must add, the abstinence from tobacco. He hated the conventional dinner-table attire ("evening dress has killed more men than drink," was one of his whimsical remarks), and when, at rare intervals, he consented to dine with a friend, it was always on the condition that he was not to be expected to dress. His best talk was reserved for his friends of the luncheon-table (to whom, by the way, he dedicated his best novel, "*By Proxy*"), or for the guests, few but fit, who were privileged to meet him at his own board. Happy were those who were thus honoured. No greater intellectual treat than that which they enjoyed could well be conceived. There may have been more brilliant talkers than Payn, and there were undoubtedly more learned ones. He was certainly no "book in breeches." But he never bored you as merely brilliant or learned talkers too often do; and you followed him through story, jest, and wisely humorous saying, with an exhilaration of mind and spirits such as no other talker you knew was capable of causing. Above all, you never heard a thought, an idea, pass in words from his lips that was not pure and wholesome. His critics were fond of saying that he never wrote a line that would cause a woman to blush. In nothing was his writing more truly natural than in this. His nature was clean and sound and kindly through and through.

Always delicate in health, he had been compelled throughout his busy life to husband his strength. This, I imagine, was the original reason for his hatred of dinner-parties. He went to bed, from year's end to year's end, at a primitive hour at which social London is just beginning to enjoy itself. He never cared for walking or any other form of physical exercise. Only once do I remember his asking me to take a walk with him. That was one bright spring day, when the sap was beginning to mount and stir the blood. We walked round the block of buildings comprising the Athenaeum, Travellers' and Reform Clubs, and he seemed to be positively fatigued by the exertion. The truth was that he was always more or less of the weakling and the sufferer. Four years ago the hand of fate was laid heavily upon him. Rheumatoid arthritis made him a helpless cripple, and from the summer of 1894 down to the day of his death he was never able to stand alone or to walk a step, and was never free from physical pain. It was the happy privilege of a few of his friends to be allowed to visit him regularly during all those years of suffering and imprisonment. None of us will ever forget the pleasure we derived from our intercourse then with one who, hopeless invalid as he was, was still the same James Payn as of old—full of humour, full of interest in the fortunes of his friends, keen to watch the rising of new stars in the firmament of letters, overflowing with that unaffected goodness of heart and nature for which all men loved him. But those Sunday afternoons in Warrington Crescent are too near and too sacred to be written about here, and only one word must be added to this bald tribute to his memory. Those who learned to admire and like Payn merely from reading what he wrote for their amusement, may rest assured that they would have admired and loved him a thousand-fold more if they could have known him as he was, and could have seen the kindly human eyes that looked out upon them from behind the printed sheet.

A TRIBUTE FROM DR. CONAN DOYLE.

The loss of Payn is so recent that it is hard to speak of or to realise it. I hate to think of him in the past. London will never be the same to me without that cheery sick-room in Maida Vale where I have spent so many happy hours. It was an object lesson in pluck to visit him. Twisted and crippled, with a strong cigar held among his distorted fingers, he would sit, twinkling behind his glasses, the merriest comrade in the world. His keenest jokes were at his own condition. "Here comes Guy Fawkes!" he would say as he was borne helpless into the room, his useless legs dangling before him. The shadow of death hung over him for years, but it never darkened that bright spirit. It burned the brighter against the darkness. One went in with the thought of cheering him up, and one came out cheered oneself. His interest in all things was intense. His mind was broad and tolerant, many-sided, sympathetic, and most receptive up to the end. Years and suffering seemed to put a keener edge to it. His conversation was unique, full of gentle wisdom, with a fund of anecdote, sometimes grave, sometimes humorous, but always apropos and marvellously well told. At repartee he was the quickest man that I have ever known. His sense of humour was immense. It was delightful to hear him work up to a joke. His voice would rise and rise until he almost screamed out the critical sentence, and then he would fall back in his chair convulsed with laughter—and most contagious laughter it was. He was generous in his sympathy with younger authors. To me and to many more he has given that word of praise and of hope, which is of such value to the unknown and self-distrusting man. I have them now, many of those kindly, illegible letters written when he was editor of the *Cornhill* and I a sometimes accepted and frequently rejected contributor. In his family, in his friendships, and in literature he has left a gap which can never be filled.

Mr. James Payn. Mr. William Black.

A Conan Doyle

A TRIBUTE FROM MR. HENRY JAMES.

Even to the end of his sad last few years—in perpetual confinement and pain—Mr. Payn gave me the impression of the command of an

independent faculty of laughter and sighs, a blessed chamber of the brain that could remain clear, show at least, at the top of the lighthouse, the lamp trimmed and the spark red, while darkness crept steadily on. His imagination had not made so much of the human bustle that to miss it was to miss all things. He wrought, like a good workman, to the latest hour, and as the world shrank more to what was devotedly close to him, he had more and more affection to take and more and more gentleness to show.

Harry James

A TRIBUTE FROM MR. STANLEY WEYMAN.

The secret of Mr. Payn's long and increasingly close hold on public attention was to be found not alone in a personality vivid, singularly brilliant, singularly gay, but in a greatness of heart and an unselfishness rarely found in combination with those qualities. It was neither his exquisite conversational gift—though he was the best company in the world—nor his fund of anecdotes that rendered the name of James Payn a household word among writers; it was a touch of the divine in the man's sunny nature. He hailed the successes of others not with tolerance, not with pleasure only, not with faint praise, but with a keen, almost boyish delight, a bubbling over of glad laughter, a grip of the hand that made a friend for life. When we add to this that though he was anxious and forward to praise, he was seldom wrong in his judgments, and that what he commended one day the public commonly bought the next, we shall have

less difficulty in understanding the cause of his continued popularity. If all the young writers who have gone from his presence, their hearts warmed and their courage confirmed by his words, were to stand forward, they would be found to include a considerable proportion of those whose names have weight with the public.

Stanley Weyman

A TRIBUTE FROM ANTHONY HOPE.

I had not the privilege of knowing Mr. Payn, so I can say only what thousands are saying—that I derived very great pleasure from what he wrote, and that his humour was above all delightful to me.

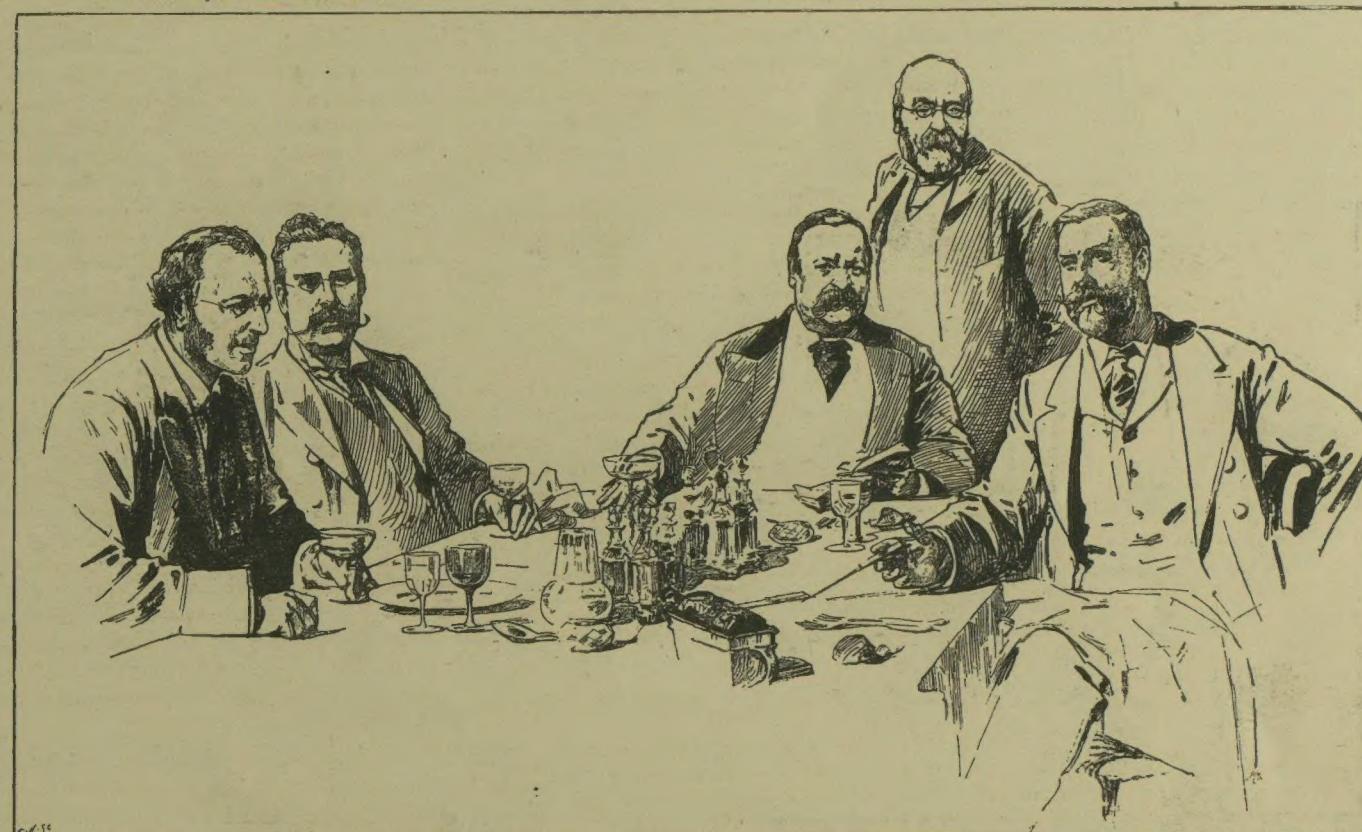
Anthony Hope Hawkins

THE FUNERAL OF MR. PAYN.

Mr. James Payn was buried in the Paddington Cemetery, Willesden Lane, on Wednesday, March 30. His son and son-in-law, Mr. Buckle, the editor of the *Times*, were the chief mourners, and many of Mr. Payn's intimate friends and literary associates were present at the grave, and at the service at St. Saviour's Church, Warrington Road, including Sir Wemyss Reid, Sir John Robinson,

Mr. G. A. Sala. Sir J. Robinson.

Sir Wemyss Reid.



A LUNCHEON-TABLE AT THE REFORM CLUB: MR. JAMES PAYN AND FOUR OF HIS FRIENDS.

Drawn from Life by T. Walter Wilson, R.A.

Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Murray Smith, Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, and Mr. Moberly Bell. A large number of friends who were unable to be present sent wreaths.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

China has yielded to Russia, by a communication last Friday from the Tsung-li-Yamen, or Imperial Chancery and Foreign Office, to M. Pavloff, the Russian *Chargé d'Affaires* at Peking, all that was immediately demanded. On Sunday, an agreement was signed for the lease of both Port Arthur and Talien-Wan, the chief naval harbours of the Liao-Tung peninsula, to the north of the entrance into the Gulf, to be held by Russia for twenty-five years; and Port Arthur, with its forts, which were disarmed and dismantled but not destroyed in the Japanese war, has now been formally assigned to Russia for a naval station and for the terminus on the Yellow Sea of the great Siberian railway. Another branch line is to be constructed to Talien-Wan, which is on the western side of the peninsula, and is to be declared an open trade port. The Chinese Empire nominally retains its sovereign rights over those places, and keeps possession of a smaller port, Kin-Chau, a short distance to the north of Port Arthur on the inner coast. Port Arthur was hastily quitted by the mandarins and Chinese soldiers at the end of last week. It is said that Japan withdrew her opposition to the cession of Port Arthur upon a positive assurance that Russia will not interfere with the government or finances of Korea, in token of which M. Alexieff has been recalled from Seoul, the capital of that kingdom. All the British ships of war at Hong-Kong and Shanghai, or elsewhere in the Chinese seas, are now taking in coals and

ammunition, preparing for a movement to the northward; H.M.S. *Powerful* and other ships are already at Chefoo. It is announced that China will open another free port at Fu-ning-Fu, in the province of Fo-Kien, on the coast north of Fuchow, nearly five hundred miles from Hong-Kong. The German Government is making effective additions to its establishments at Kiao-Chau, with extensive harbour works and docks.

THE BOAT-RACE.

The great improvement in the Cambridge boat during the latter stages of training and the consequent prophecies of a good race, at the least, and even a possible reversal of Oxford's eight-year-old supremacy, were rendered null and void by the stormy weather which prevailed on the day of the contest. Hurricane, hail, and snow had it all their own way, and a race which was no race was practically decided when Oxford won the toss and chose the Middlesex side, off which the gale was blowing. The comparative shelter thus gained by the Dark Blues—for the first part of the course, at any rate—gave them incalculable advantage over their surf-beaten and eventually water-logged rivals; and though the Light Blues made a splendidly plucky endeavour to emerge superior to their disadvantages, the race resolved itself into a very unexciting procession, and ended in a victory for Oxford by a lead of three hundred yards. It was a victory, however, which merely lent fresh weight to the arguments of those who had urged the postponement of the race

owing to the adverse conditions of weather. The Dark Blues have now won nine successive races, and thirty-two all told, to the twenty-two successes of the Light Blues.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS STEEPELCHASE.

A more miserable and depressing day than Saturday last, when the annual House of Commons Point-to-Point Steeplechase was held, it would be difficult to imagine. Over the same course on the Bourton estate, near Buckingham, a fortnight previously the Army races were held, and all was bright and success achieved. On the

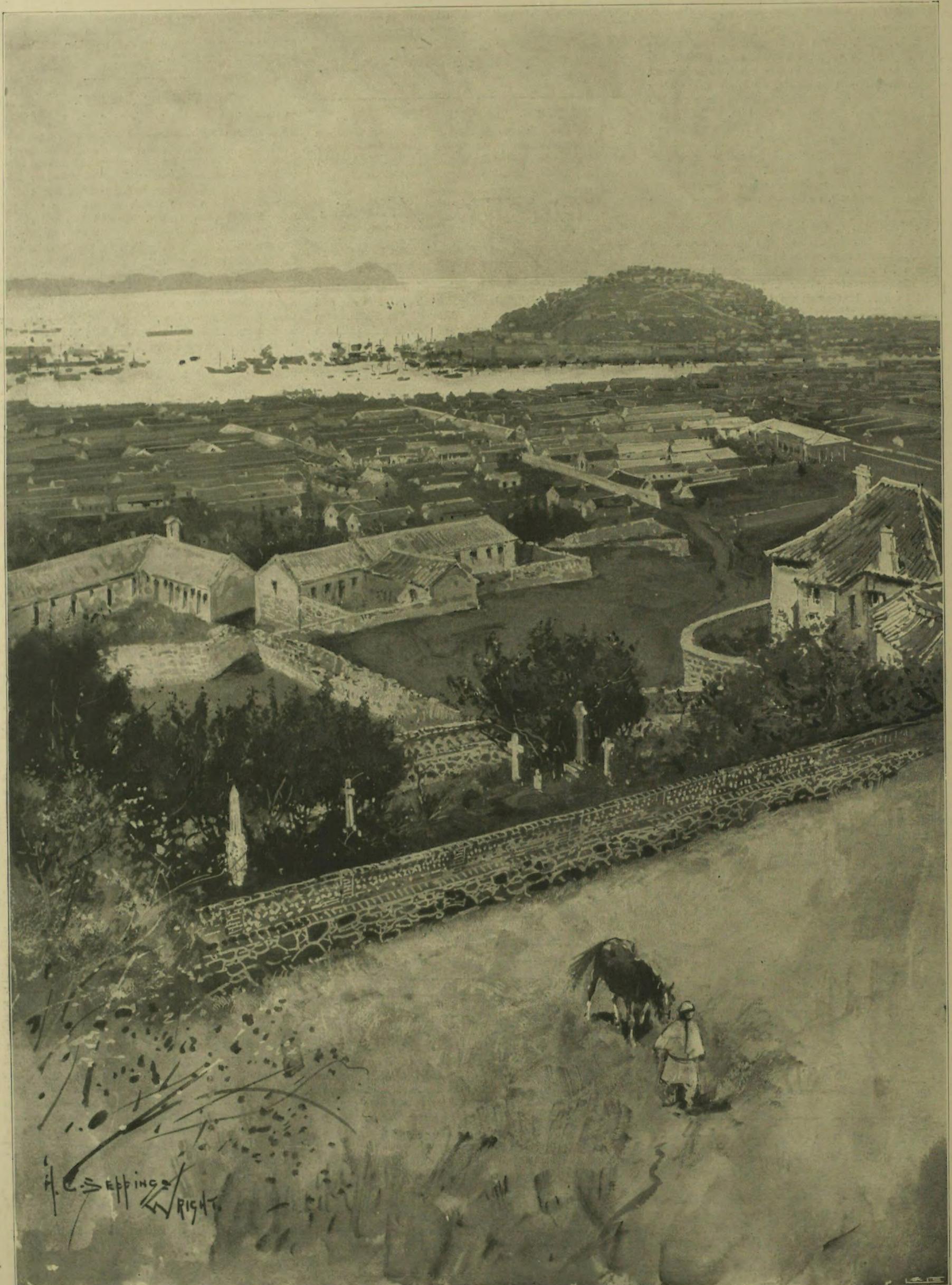
occasion of the House of Commons races, however, the course presented an entirely different aspect, snowdrifts having made the going difficult and even hazardous in places. Added to this, a keen east wind was in evidence with drizzling sleet, so that things could not have been more unpleasant. Under such circumstances, a good attendance was not obtained, and there was no life in the proceedings. For all that, the M.P.s who had come to ride their horses displayed some enthusiasm, and all thought of danger evaporated with the start of the race. There were nine runners, all having owners up except a couple, and one of the exceptions, as fine a cross-country rider as there is in the United Kingdom, scored the victory. Mr. J. A. Pease, who sits for Tyneside, was the fortunate individual, the horse he rode being Mr. J. W. Phillips's Oliver. Mr. Raymond Greene (Chesterton) was second on his own Dundas, the Hon. Douglas Pennant (S. Northants) third on his Admiral, and Sir S. Scott fourth on his Joan. The course was three miles and a half, mainly grass, over thirty jumps. Mr. Pease won easily.

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT DARGAI.

(See Supplement.)

The recent return of the Gordon Highlanders to England from the Indian Frontier lends fresh interest to Mr. Caton Woodville's spirited picture of their splendid heroism at Dargai in the Indian Frontier Campaign, reproduced as a Supplement to our present issue. Piper Findlater, who played so memorable a part on that now historic date of Oct. 20, will henceforth bear the proud distinction of the Victoria Cross; and the comrades whom he played to victory as he lay disabled on the ground have one and all an enduring place in the annals of British heroism in the field.

T H E C H I N E S E Q U E S T I O N.



THE TREATY PORT CHEFOO:—VIEW OF THE TOWN AND HARBOUR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Chefoo, on the north coast of the province of Shan-Tung, is the present destination of the British war-ships of the China Squadron which have been moving northward from various ports during the past week.

THE CHINESE QUESTION: VIEWS OF CHEFOO BAY AND THE HARBOUR AT PORT ARTHUR.

Reprinted as Illustrating the Present Crisis, from "The Illustrated London News" of January 19, 1895.

Fort.

Chefoo Bluff. Severn.

Mercury. Æolus.



Crescent.

Centurion.

Undaunted.

Leander.

Edgar.

BRITISH WAR-SHIPS OUTSIDE CHEFOO HARBOUR.

From a Sketch by Mr. H. C. Dewar, H.M.S. "Centurion."

Fort.

Fort.

Docks.

Fort.



INSIDE PORT ARTHUR HARBOUR.

Torpedo-boats.

*From a Sketch by Mr. B. Meadows-Taylor, H.M.S. "Centurion."**The agreement for the lease of Port Arthur and Talién-Wan by the Chinese Government to Russia, and the right of constructing railways to both ports, was signed on March 27, and the Russian flag now flies at both places.*

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen at Cimiez, accompanied by her daughters, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Henry of Battenberg, has been visited by the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, her grandson, and the Grand Duke Boris of Russia. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, who had arrived from Malta on board H.M.S. *Surprise*, lying at Villefranche, but who is indisposed, was visited on Saturday by his sister, Princess Christian, on behalf of the Queen. Princess Henry of Battenberg, on the same day, visited the Empress Eugénie at Cap Martin. Lord James of Hereford has been Minister in attendance. Sir Edmund Monson, the British Ambassador at Paris, was last week the guest of the Queen, but returned to Paris on Sunday. The Bishop of Ripon, who officiated at the Sunday morning service in the Queen's private chapel, was also her Majesty's guest, with Mrs. Boyd Carpenter. The Queen, with Princess Christian, went to Beaulieu on Saturday to visit Lady Salisbury, who is this week joined there by Lord Salisbury. It is said that the President of the French Republic will go to Nice at Easter to meet her Majesty.

The royal family party on the Riviera is joined now by two young Princes, schoolfellows in England at Lyndhurst, namely, the young Prince Alexander of Battenberg and the young Duke of Albany, whose mother is at Cannes. Princess Christian opened the Victoria Ward of the Queen's Jubilee Memorial Foreign Hospital at Nice on Tuesday.

The Prince of Wales stayed at Cannes to attend, with the Princesses, the memorial service on Monday at St. George's English church, on the anniversary of the death of the late Duke of Albany there. The Duke of Cambridge on Saturday, his seventy-ninth birthday, dined with the Prince of Wales, and next day left for London. The Duchess of York also visited the Prince of Wales on Saturday, and returned to Mentone.

The Princess of Wales, but without Princess Victoria, on Monday morning left England for Copenhagen, where there is to be a gathering of the Danish royal family to celebrate the eightieth birthday of the King. It will be joined, after a week or two, by the Prince of Wales, and by Prince George of Greece, who has left Athens to visit his cousin the Czar at St. Petersburg, and will probably visit England and France.

A Cabinet Council of her Majesty's Ministers was held at the Foreign Office on Friday.

The polling for the East or Wokingham Division of Berkshire, contested by Captain Oliver Young, R.N., with Mr. George Palmer, took place on Wednesday. The petition of Sir Christopher Furness against the return of Lord Charles Beresford for York has been withdrawn.

The chief political demonstration last week was the conference of the National Liberal Federation at Leicester, where Mr. John Morley was the chief speaker. Sir Henry Bannerman also took part in the conference, over which Dr. Spence Watson presided.

Public interest in foreign affairs has for the week past been averted from Continental Europe to events, or serious contingencies, in distant parts of the world. It has been urgently directed to three main concerns—namely, the diplomatic victory of Russian policy in China; the imminent battle, which may be decisive, between General Kitchener's army and the host of desperate Dervishes in the Soudan; and the apparent probability of war between the United States and Spain, arising not less from the indignation felt in America at the continued dreadful conflict with the insurgents in Cuba than from the suspicion, as yet unproven, of Spanish treachery at Havana, in the terrible destruction of the American ship *Maine*.

In the Senate at Washington, Mr. Thurston, Mr. Proctor, Mr. Gallinger, and others claiming special acquaintance with Cuban facts, have given most distressing accounts of the state of the island. President McKinley is evidently unwilling to declare war against Spain.

Actual fighting between the British-Egyptian garrisons on the river Atbara, some twenty or thirty miles above Berber on the Nile, and the enemy approaching to force a passage for the intended attack on Berber, recommenced last week, on March 21, with a cavalry skirmish, a few miles higher up than Ras Hudi. Some four hundred Dervishes were repulsed with considerable loss. There was another fight of detached parties next day, with a similar result; after which the enemy gathered in his forces at El Hilgi, thirty miles distant. On Saturday morning last Mahmud's reserve at Shendy was attacked by three gun-boats, supported by the 15th Egyptian Battalion under Major Hickman. The forts were taken without loss to the British-Egyptian force, and were left a heap of ruins. One hundred and sixty of the Baggaras were killed and wounded, and upwards of six hundred were taken prisoners. Mahmud is now at Hilgi, and has told the Khalifa that he can do nothing while his forces are practically starving.

In our account last week of the presentation to Mr. Edward Smith, the British Vice-Consul at Monte Carlo, on the occasion of his retirement, the name of the makers of the handsome tribute should have been given as that of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Queen Victoria Street.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *China*, on her homeward voyage, got aground on the rocks at Perim, entering the Red Sea, and it is doubtful whether she will not become a total wreck. The passengers and crew were saved, and part of the cargo.

A French Mediterranean steamer, the *Ville de Rome*, has been wrecked at Minorca.

A large company of invalid soldiers from India, to the number of 313, sick and wounded, of whom about sixty received wounds in the late Frontier War, arrived last week at Southampton on board H.M.S. *Simla*, troop-ship, and were received as patients in Netley Hospital. One of them is Piper Findlater, the Gordon Highlander who became famous for his behaviour when wounded in the fight at Dargai.

The skins of most of the seals that are caught come to London for sale. From Newfoundland come reports of catches in great numbers. The *Aurora* boasts 18,000; the *Greenland*, 13,000; the *Iceland*, 12,000; and the *Diana*, 11,000. If these figures raise the spirits of ladies who sit at home at ease, the perils of the seal-fishers may at least demand a moment's mourning. They must needs suffer cold that the woman of wealth and civilisation may be warm; but quite exceptional hardships have been endured this season. As a consequence, the *Greenland* has arrived at the fishing settlement of Cape de Verds, having on board the dead bodies of twenty-five of her crew, to

PERSONAL.

Mr. Gladstone's health, we deeply regret to say, continues to cause the gravest anxiety. The neuralgic pain in his face defies all the skill of the doctors. It is not exactly known how the mischief arises, and anything in the nature of a surgical operation is precluded by the advanced age of the illustrious patient. Mr. Gladstone's stay at Bournemouth unfortunately brought him little relief. He has returned to Hawarden, where he is assiduously nursed by his family. Happily, Mrs. Gladstone's health is much better, and this probably does more than anything to sustain her husband. The most severe trial to Mr. Gladstone is that he is cut off from books, the effort of reading being too painful to the eyes, but he derives not a little solace from music.

Lord Salisbury has gone to his villa at Beaulieu, and it is understood that he is already much better for his enforced rest. It is suggested by the *Times* that the offices of Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary should be separated, Lord Salisbury remaining Premier, and the Foreign Secretaryship passing to one of his colleagues. It is expected, however, that in the course of a few weeks Lord Salisbury will be able to resume his duties. A graceful allusion to his stay in France has been made by M. Hanotaux, who, remarking on the presence in that country at the same time of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Prime Minister, took this as an omen of peace.

Most people, perhaps, know that the Empress Eugénie had a Scottish ancestor, but the precise facts are not generally known. These, however, are made clear by Mr. Alexander de Lapere Kirkpatrick, of Coolmine, Clonsilla, County Dublin, who has just printed, for private circulation, a quarto pamphlet entitled "The Chronicles of the Kirkpatrick Family." Tradition has long declared that the family sprang from the giant Finn MacCual, King of the Fenians. Certain it is that they had settled in Nithsdale and Galloway as early as the ninth century, the head of the house establishing himself at Closeburne, in Dumfriesshire.

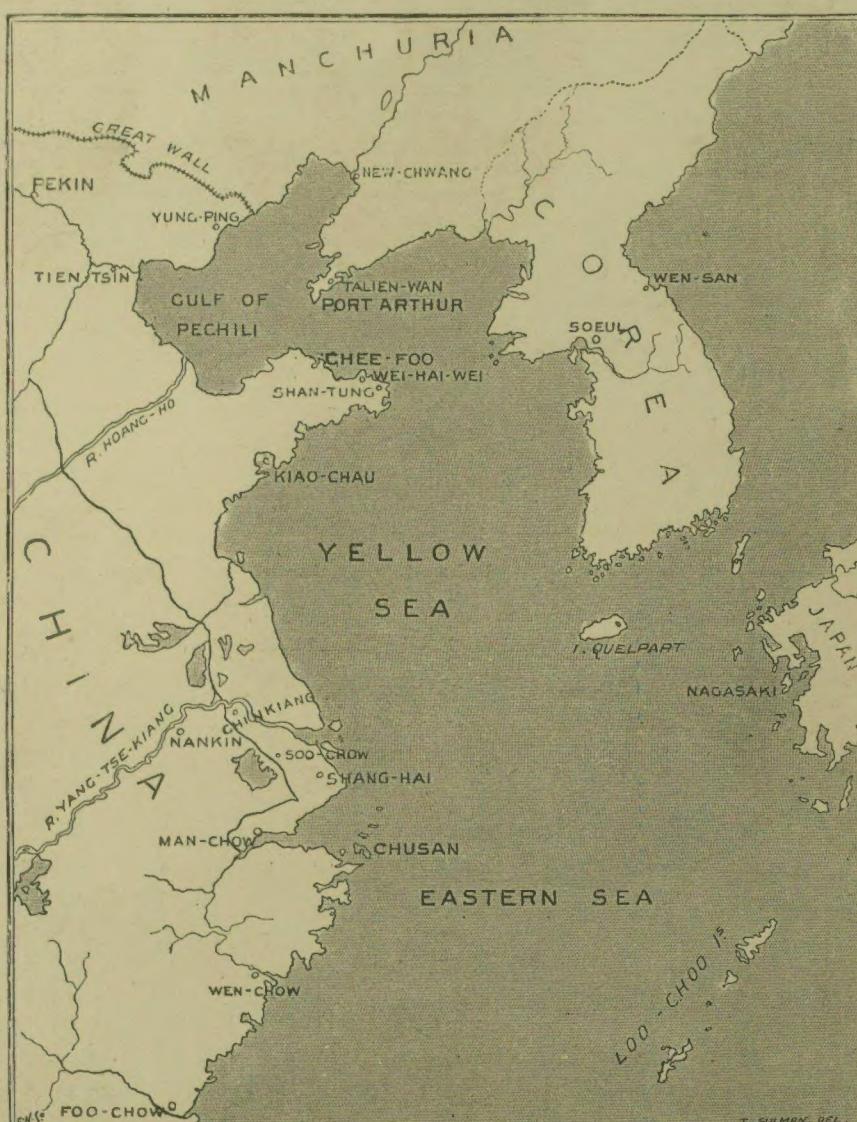
The Closeburne family received a baronetcy in 1685, and is represented to-day by Sir James Kirkpatrick, a Clerk at the Admiralty. As a matter of sheer gratitude the Kirkpatricks supported Prince Charlie's cause, and a member of one of the cadet branches was hanged for his pains in 1746. He left four sons, however, and one of these became the father of nineteen children, so that the name of Kirkpatrick should not die. One of the nineteen was William, born in 1764. While quite young he went to Spain, and married a daughter of Baron de Grivegnée, of Malaga. The youngest of his three daughters married the Count de Montijo, whose ancestors had been famous, and whose daughter became more famous; for, born in 1829, she married Napoleon III, and England loves her to-day as the Empress Eugénie. Mr. Kirkpatrick traces other branches of the family, notably the Irish branch, to which he belongs, and which is largely represented in all the professions, especially the Army.

At Lichfield has just passed away, at the age of eighty-five, another famous John Brown in humble life, a survivor of the Charge of Balaclava. He enlisted in the 17th Lancers in the year before Queen Victoria ascended the throne; and besides being one of the "noble Six Hundred" at the charge, where, as trumpeter to the Light Brigade, he struck up the music of "death or glory," he fought also at Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol. The heel of his boot was shot off by a Russian bullet, and the tail of his coat fell beneath a Russian lance. In the Indian Mutiny he added to the

row of medals his valour and good conduct won for him in the Crimea. It is a little disheartening to read that at the time of his death he received from a grateful country a pension of a shilling and a halfpenny a day.

After a lapse of nearly nine years "The Gondoliers" comes up again as fresh as if it were a brand-new production. The revival demonstrates completely that, after all is said and done, Mr. Gilbert is the one librettist, and that the Savoy stands alone as a school of acting. Sir Arthur Sullivan's music has lost none of its gaiety by reason of age; and the new interpreters—Miss Rosina Brandram alone of the original cast remains—are as good as their predecessors, with one or two exceptions. Once again Mr. Carte is to be congratulated on having brought Mr. H. A. Lytton (now Giuseppe) from the country. He is the ideal Savoyard—graceful in everything he does, and saturated with the spirit of the house. Miss Ruth Vincent as Casilda, the first big part she has played, makes a great hit; she is delightfully fresh. Mr. Kenningham sings capitally as Marco; Mr. Elton is as good a Duke as we have had; and Mr. Passmore is the Grand Inquisitor. He holds the house—and yet he is not a true Savoyard. Miss Emmie Owen and Miss Louie Henri are the two Gondoliers' wives. The chorus is excellent, and the whole opera goes with great vivacity. The absence of the performers originally identified with the chief roles may grieve the reminiscent playgoer, but there is plenty of life in the new rendering of the favourite work.

The responsibility of the Foreign Office being temporarily in commission, it is natural that the Under-Secretary, Mr. George Cuzon, should be summoned to Cabinet Councils. This is not contrary to precedent, as the Cabinet always avails itself of the personal advice of



THE CHINESE QUESTION: MAP SHOWING POSITIONS OF CHIEF POINTS OF INTEREST.

whom must be added twenty-three others who had perished upon the ice.

For the Easter holidays the Midland Railway announces cheap excursion trains from St. Pancras as follows: On Tuesday, April 5, to Londonderry, via Morecambe, by direct steamer, returning within sixteen days as per sailing bill. On Wednesday, April 6, to Dublin, Cork, Killarney, etc., via Morecambe; also to Cork, Killarney, Limerick, Galway, etc., via Liverpool, returning within sixteen days as per sailing bill; and on Thursday, April 7, to Dublin via Liverpool, returning any weekday within sixteen days. On Wednesday, April 6, to Giant's Causeway, Armagh, Bundoran, Enniskillen, Downpatrick, etc.; and on Thursday, April 7, to Belfast, Londonderry, Portrush, etc., via Barrow and via Liverpool, available for returning any weekday within sixteen days. On Thursday, April 7, cheap excursion trains will be run from London (St. Pancras) to Leicester, Nottingham, Newark, Lincoln, Birmingham, Burton, Derby, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Scarborough, Newcastle-on-Tyne, etc., returning the following Monday or Tuesday; and from London (St. Pancras) to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen, etc., returning Monday, April 11, or Friday, April 15. Tickets will also be issued by the Scotch excursion at a single ordinary third-class fare for the double journey, available for returning on any day within sixteen days from date of issue. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 7, 8, and 9, from London (St. Pancras) to the principal holiday and pleasure resorts. Cheap excursion trains for five or six days will also be run on Thursday, April 7, to London from Carlisle, Bradford, Leeds, Sheffield, Liverpool, Manchester, and other places on their system.

experts, and Mr. Curzon's knowledge of the East gives peculiar importance to his official position at the present crisis.

President McKinley deserves the highest credit for his efforts to preserve peace between the United States and Spain. His Message to Congress on the loss of the *Maine* does not contain one provocative word. The report of the American Commission of Inquiry leaves no practical doubt that the ship was blown up by a mine. This is proved by the shape of the plates in the fore part of the vessel, which shows that the explosive agent was external. The Spaniards are understood to deny this, but the weight of evidence is against them. Mr. McKinley, however, attaches no responsibility to the Spanish Government, which has no reason to complain of the President's attitude and tone.

Mr. Fiennes Stanley Wykeham Cornwallis, who has won for the Conservatives, by a majority of 178, the Parliamentary seat of Maidstone, rendered vacant by the

resignation of Sir Frederick Seager Hunt, is the eldest son of Major Fiennes Cornwallis, of the 4th Light Dragoons (who took part in the famous Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava), and the great-grandson of the last Earl Cornwallis. Though but thirty-four years of age, he has already seen more than eight years of Parliamentary life, for he represented Maidstone at Westminster from the latter part of 1886 up to the General Election of 1895, when he resigned for reasons of health. He is an old Etonian, a Justice of the Peace, and an officer of the West Kent Yeomanry, and lives at Linton Park, Maidstone, a property which he inherited on the death of his aunt, Viscountess Holmsdale.

Prominent among the names of officers who have won especial distinction in the recent Indian Frontier Campaign stands that of Captain Percy Gerald Walker, B.S.C., Wing Commander of the 20th Punjab Infantry. In the attack on the peak commanding the Bedmanai Pass, it will be remembered, the enemy were driven from ridge to ridge by the men of the 20th, the firing line being led most energetically by Captain P. G. Walker. In the forcing of the Tanzi Pass, to the same regiment, after a long and toilsome flank march, was allotted the task of capturing a peak which rose some two thousand feet above the pass. The right wing, under Captain Walker, who in person led the foremost company, an Afridi one, won the almost precipitous position, capturing two standards. To Colonel Woon, who was in support with his left wing, General Sir Bindon Blood heliographed, "Well done, 20th"; which that officer in transmission to his fighting line generously changed to "Well done, right wing!"

Lieutenant S. C. Welchman, who sailed on March 6 for West Africa, to serve under Colonel Lugard with the West African Frontier Force, is a son of Mr. F. R. Welchman, of Oulton Hall, near Lowestoft, and a great-nephew of the late General John Welchman, C.B., who was wounded at the Mysore Gate in the Indian Mutiny. Other members of the same family saw active service early in the century at Copenhagen, Walcheren, and Algiers, and in more recent years the house of Welchman has been constantly represented in the Army. Lieutenant Welchman was educated at the U.S. College, Westward Ho, and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and was gazetted to the South Staffordshire Regiment in 1894.

Veterinary-Captain A. J. Haslam, a well-known officer of the Army Veterinary Department, has been selected for special service in East Africa, to organise and direct animal transport in connection with the Uganda Railway. The country for more than ninety miles is infested with the tsetse fly, and the roads are very bad, so that the well-being

of the animals employed becomes a matter of great importance. Captain Haslam is a B.A. and M.D., and a Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons. It is hoped that he may be able to work animals in the country hitherto fatal in its effects upon them, and put at rest all doubt concerning the nature of the animal diseases so malignant in the district. The railway is now entering the worst region—that just beyond Tsavaria, and large earth-work camps have to be fed and watered. The capability of the transport entirely depends on the rate of progress of this railway, which is at present grievously affected by the mutiny in Uganda.

General George Samuel Montgomery, whose recent death must not go unrecorded in our columns, was a soldier with a long and distinguished record. The son of the late Captain Thomas Montgomery, R.N., and grandson of the Rev. Robert Montgomery, of Beaulieu, County Louth, he entered the Army in 1839, and was promoted Captain in 1846 and Major in 1858. He commanded a

title on the death of his father in 1886, having twelve years previously been called to the House of Lords in the barony of Strafford. He is succeeded in the earldom by his younger brother, the Hon. Sir Henry William John, Equerry to the Queen.

The death of Sir John Arnott, Bart., of Woodlands, Cork, has been received with extreme regret by all classes and all sections of the political world in Ireland. Sir John was the eldest son of Mr. John Arnott, J.P., of Auchtermuchty, Fifeshire, and was born in 1814. About the year of the Queen's accession to the throne he went to Ireland, where he has had, during his sixty years' residence, a remarkably successful career. His enterprises in commercial matters extended over the United Kingdom. He was the chief owner of the Cork and Passage Docks and chairman of the Bristol Steam Navigation Company, as well as sole proprietor of the *Irish Times*. The year before last he purchased the Duke of Devonshire's Bandon estate in County Cork for a quarter of a million, as he believed that land in Ireland was as good an investment as could be desired. On this property he established a model stud farm for the benefit of his tenants, and the improvement of the breed of all kinds of stock. Sir John Arnott was knighted so far back as 1859, when Mayor of Cork, a position he held for two subsequent years. He occupied the office of High Sheriff of Cork, was a J.P. and D.L., and early in 1896 was created by her Majesty a Baronet. He represented in Parliament, as an Independent Liberal—in the old sense of the term—the borough of Kinsale from 1859 to 1863, when he retired. Sir John Arnott was a man of philanthropic spirit, and his charities were large and judicious. He was twice married, and leaves several sons and daughters. He is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel John Alexander Arnott.

The rather sudden death of Lady Glenesk at Cannes removes from London society one of its most prominent entertainers, a devoted wife and mother, a Dame of high degree in the Primrose League, and a kind-hearted helper of many charities and good works. A daughter of Mr. T. H. Lister, of Armitage Park, Staffordshire, and of Lady Maria Lister (sister of the fourth Earl of Clarendon), she married, in 1870, Mr. Algernon Borthwick, since well known as the proprietor of the *Morning Post*, and a member first of the Lower and now of the Upper House of Parliament. Lord Glenesk, with whom great sympathy is felt, was summoned from London suddenly last Friday, and he reached Cannes in time to see his wife before she died.

At the age of eighty Mrs. Delia Parnell, the mother of the Irish leader, died on Sunday night. On the previous day the venerable lady, who had known many misfortunes, accidentally set her dress on fire as she sat in the drawing-room at the famous family house in Avondale, and the shock to a body and mind already much enfeebled was a fatal one. Sprung from an Ulster family which migrated to Philadelphia, Charles Stewart, the father of Mrs. Parnell, entered the American navy, in which he saw service against England, and died an Admiral. His only daughter, Delia, married John Henry Parnell, whom she first met at Washington, travelling with his cousin, Lord Powerscourt. At Avondale she entered into all the national movements, particularly favouring such as were hostile to England, and dispensing of her not great plenty to relieve the necessities of the poor. Her widowhood was mostly passed in New Jersey, the home of her childhood, but recent troubles had brought her back again to Ireland, where the last catastrophe of all was to be consummated.

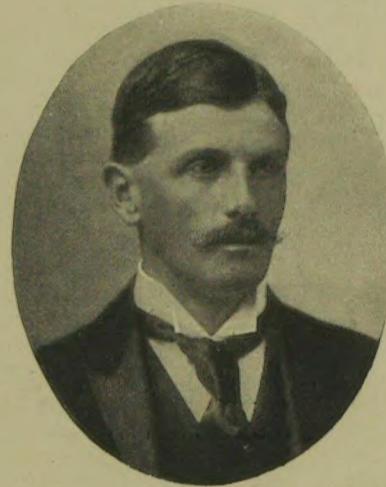


Photo Elliott and Fry.
MR. F. S. W. CORNWALLIS, M.P.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE LADY GLENESK.

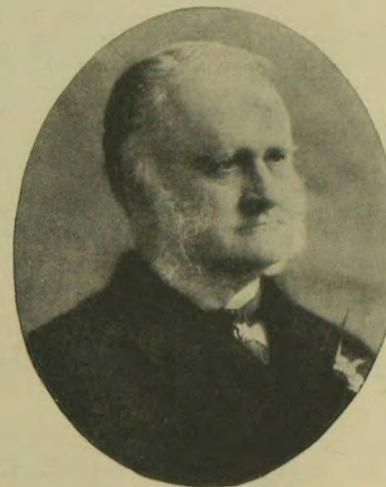


Photo Lombardi.
THE LATE EARL OF STRAFFORD.



Photo Boughton, Lowestoft.
LIEUTENANT S. C. WELCHMAN.



Photo Craddock, Bombay.
CAPTAIN PERCY G. WALKER, B.S.C.



THE LATE GENERAL G. S. MONTGOMERY.

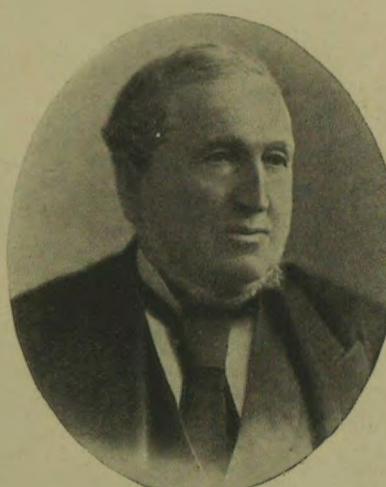


Photo Lafayette, Dublin.
THE LATE SIR JOHN ARNOTT, BART.

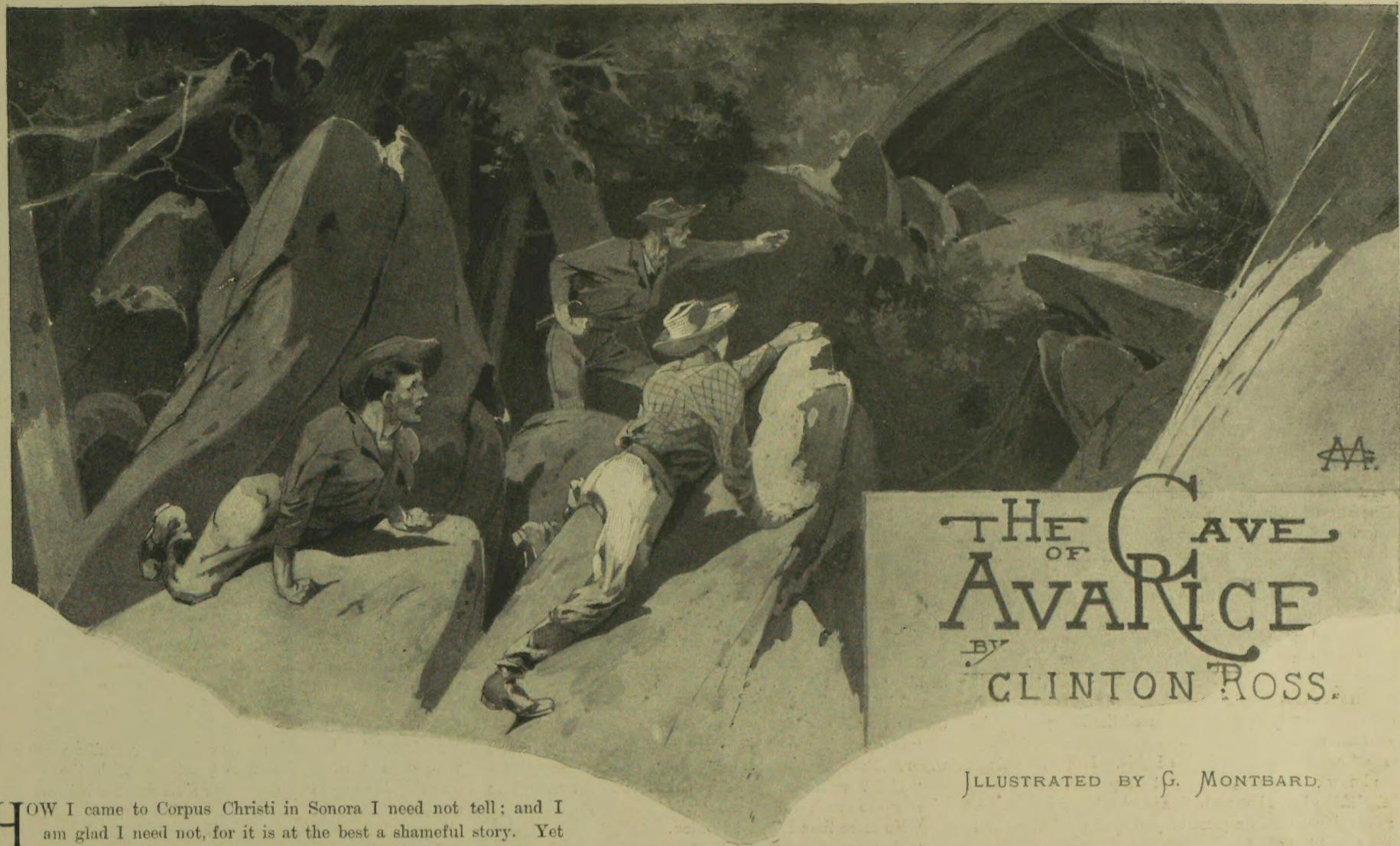


Photo Chancellor, Dublin.
THE LATE MRS. PARNELL.



Photo Laniado and Bell, Manchester.
VETERINARY-CAPTAIN A. J. HASLAM.





ILLUSTRATED BY G. MONTBARD.

HOW I came to Corpus Christi in Sonora I need not tell; and I am glad I need not, for it is at the best a shameful story. Yet there I fancied I could put my past away. I was sure those I had wronged would not follow so far; and I felt safe—if a man can be safe from his memories. For memories now and then would come, would bother. Then I longed for money with which to make restitution with a hurried desire, for what I had left was but a pittance to keep me for many years in this simple Mexican village. I had lost most that I had stolen in many ventures, taken in the vain hope.

Have you ever been in Mexico? Can you imagine that village far away over the border—its long sunny street, between the adobe houses; its listless folk, with more of the Indian than the Spaniard? High above on both sides were the street-scattered slopes of the mountains; and a quarter-mile up the valley, on a rounded hill, stood the old monastery of Corpus Christi, built, it was said, by a generation that had known Montezuma. Who knows? Perhaps the monks did—these few brown-cowled brothers, the survivors of the great order. As I sat idly smoking I wondered at them, thinking how much easier a monastery might have been for me.

I myself did not make the acquaintance of the monks. The villagers sometimes chatted with me. I knew all the affairs of my fat landlady and her black-eyed daughter, about whom three young fellows were passionate. These folk had been curious when I had appeared on donkey-back from over the slope. But habit stifles curiosity, and I lived on, almost the sole guest of the old inn. For the mountain village was out of the way of travel; centuries had passed since it had been a station on the route to the now long-abandoned silver-mines of the mountains. And days and months passed for me as they will in such an out-of-the-way place, where the events and talk of the world seem of no moment; and, as I say, I longed with an ever-increasing desire for all I had frittered away—honour and position and love I had lost in the New England town, where the winters might be bitter and the summers fierce, but where the old habit of my Anglo-Saxon blood called. Ah, if I only had money to repair that wrong! For gold I longed, and of its potentiality I dreamed.

I had been at Corpus Christi a year before the two who were to be my comrades appeared. One—I knew him as John Fenton—was a little, clerkly, bookish man with a certain fright always in his sunken eyes; yet plainly a man of gentle breeding. The other, who called himself Dorden, was his antithesis: a burly, red-faced, oath-flinging bravo. What interests, I wondered, did they have in common? But I did not dare ask them of their past, of their bond of union, lest they should ask of mine. Possibly they had the same reason, for they never inquired. We knew that we belonged somewhere over the border. Isolation, and the same conditions of past, make strong companionship. In desperation—among these simple village folk—I struck up a friendship with Dorden. Many a sunny day we passed in the shaded court of the inn, playing gloomily with a greasy pack Dorden had. On one thing we agreed: we wanted money; that alone would repair the cloak of respectability we had worn threadbare.

As we talked, little Fenton would smile gloomily, and would disappear up the slope to the monastery. For he, strangely, had made an acquaintance there; and every day he would return with a pile of old manuscripts from the library of the place; records—forgotten by



"I took the bodies through the door in the wall to the cliff over the underground river, and dropped them in one by one."

scholars—of the early history of Sonora. Then Dorden let drop the only remark he ever had made about the pasts of either: Fenton was a scholar, a linguist, who had been a tutor at a New England college. Again I wondered what had brought together these two, so dissimilar.

One evening—ah, I never may forget it!—we were sitting by flickering candles in my room, Dorden and I, at our gaming, and Fenton reading a manuscript he had brought that day from the monastery. The monks, an illiterate lot, did not care or note their treasures of the time when Spain was great, and her venturesome gentlemen were about these far mountains—seeking gold and its power. Possibly these brothers of Corpus Christi wondered at this pale, little-faced man, who amused his exile with papers that to them had no value; for, as I have said, scholarship had died in that cloister.

"If it were so," said Fenton, looking at us suddenly.

"Eh, what's so, Bob?" said Dorden.

"That Miguel Santos left his treasures in the mountains back from Corpus Christi."

"H——," said Dorden, "stop your —— lingo! No such luck."

"Luck!" said I wearily, maligning my own.

"Listen," said the little man, whose past, I say, I wondered at, and he read—

"In those days the Governor ruled Sonora not so much as Miguel Santos. Nay, Santos laid tribute of the Governor, and of all who passed; and Miguel Santos' wealth was great beyond imagination. Yet every piece of gold, they say, was blood-stained!"

"There are others," said Dorden, dealing the cards.

"Listen," said the other rather eagerly.

"But in his old age remorse seized Santos, and he retired into the monastery of Corpus Christi, where he led in every respect a saintly life—save in the single one that he made no restitution. To this day the treasure is hid in the mountains—wealth greater than all the King of Spain ever had from Peru."

"Eh," said Dorden, "I wish I'd it. It's something, Bob, to know as much as you about languages."

But Fenton looked at us both as if he knew still more. From the table he took a piece of yellowed parchment and held it against the candle.

"He seems to have been," said Dorden, "a sort o' Cap'n Kidd. I s'pose they've been diggin' and diggin' in 'em mountains."

"Wait," said Fenton quietly. "Up there in the library of Corpus Christi there's a pile of ancient manuscripts that no one seems to care at all about—the account books of forgotten abbots, things of no earthly use except to the antiquarian or the historian. But they've amused me."

"You fellows're easily amused with 'em books," said Dorden. "Now, I'd rather see a Sunday New York paper, with the murders and divorces and politics."

"Well," said Fenton, "I hadn't, you know. So I've found some fun up there nosing about. I've almost been able to forget."

"You're chicken-livered," said Dorden.

"Well, I wish I'd money."

"We'd go back, eh, and buy up somebody?" said Dorden. "We'd have a house on Fifth Av., and another at Newport, and we'd run horses at Sheepshead, and we'd 'ave our wives' and darters' dresses and diamonds all listed in the papers."

"Shut up," said Fenton. "Don't talk about wives and daughters!"

"He's a bit ticklish on some subjects," said Dorden. "Well, go on with your yarn, little 'un."

"Well," said Fenton, "I said to myself, if this Miguel Santos became a monk at Corpus Christi, there's probably somewhere or other about this pile of papers something more about him. Finally, I came to some papers of the Abbot Pedro Juan. I knew he was the Abbot of Santos' time. So I broke open the seal. Then I found this paper written by the dying Santos."

"You don't say! Who'd have thought it?" Dorden exclaimed.

"I had some trouble in making it out," Fenton went on.

"Well, what of it?" said Dorden. "Does he tell where the money's to be had? We can go back to New York and float a company—'The Santos Treasure Company,' \$10,000,000 paid in. A few chances at fifty cents."

"Listen, you fool," said Fenton eagerly. "Here is what is written: 'I, the monk Ambrose, once Miguel Santos, do confess: When I am seventy, and in security, I bethink myself that death cannot be far away. The Church declares that the wicked shall be burned for ever. If that be indeed true—and no man ever came back to deny it—it behoves me to prepare. I have thought me of the treasure I gained evilly. Should I restore it to those whence I had taken? But the lust for gold makes more crime than the lust for woman. It has seemed to me, then, that I should put this treasure away where no man should find it. I know now my sin. I could not part with that which has cost me so much—perhaps even my soul. To the cave of the underground river I had the casks carried. Then I had a wall built twenty rods from the cave's entrance, and I walled the treasure there against

the roar of the stream that sees no light. Twenty men worked at this; and I watched, leaving a guard down the slope. In the wall is an iron door, which opens if you touch it at a certain spot. When the work was done I gave the labourers poison, and in the morning all lay dead. (God rest my soul.) One by one I took the bodies—'"

"He took the bodies?" said Dorden, leaning over, "all that stuff is buried up in 'em mountains?"

"I took the bodies through the door in the wall to the cliff over the underground river, and dropped them in one by one. Then I returned to my followers, who guarded below, saying I had sent the other score into Chihuahua. And then I discharged all and came down the mountain to the monastery; and to the Abbot I said, 'I would repent me of my sins.' 'First,' he answered, 'thou must give all thy treasure to Mother Church.' Then I lied, and told him I had squandered it all."

"I said to myself that 'for one who has committed so many sins the death of twenty men and the lie to the Abbot cannot add to the burden.' For, from that time on, I should lead me a life of prayer, of repentance. So in truth have I tried to live save twice a year, when I have visited the cave of the river. Then I have gloated over the coffers on the cliff in the cave. Then voices have come up from the river and said, 'Accursed, accursed!' Yea, accursed is it. May it curse some other as it has me; any monk or man who may find it. Here the writing stops," Fenton said; "but there is one line more in another hand, 'The devil has the soul of him who was known to the world as Miguel Santos.'"

"What a fool that old chap was, anyway!" said Dorden. "With all that money he might have had a time fit for a king, without botherin' himself about hell."

"With all that money," I said. "Do you suppose it's there now?"

"Do you 'spose it is? It fairly makes my mouth water," Dorden observed.

"If it were there!" said the pale-faced Fenton. "I've given up so much—to get money."

"No more than I," said Dorden.

"No more than I," said I.

But I was watching the yellowed parchment which Dorden was holding, as I have said, low over the candle. Black lines were appearing there. I gasped as I saw them. Was this that old secret? Had he written it on the back of the confession? Should we know it, then? Should we get the gold with which I might make my restitution?

"The paper's back, Fenton!" I cried.

Fenton turned the paper, scared, while Dorden sent the greasy pack scattering.

"Read it—for God's sake, read it! Can you?"

Fenton read in a low voice—

"As thou followest the disused road to the silver-mine thou wilt come about five Spanish miles to a projecting rock. Going to the western side of the rock, pace due west fifty yards, which will bring thee against the clump of bushes by the cliffside. Under these thou wilt find the opening of the cave. Push the upper-hand corner of the iron door and it will swing open; and thou wilt be cursed as was Miguel Santos."

"It's gospel truth, then," said Dorden.

"That he was cursed," said Fenton, starting.

"Hang the curse," Dorden replied; "that the treasure is there!"

"Yes, it may be there," said Fenton, rising.

"But the old road the fellow speaks o'," Dorden said. "Haven't you read o' it in 'em papers?"

"It is the path to the left of the monastery," said Fenton.

"We'll go there at sunrise, then," said Dorden, rising. "We'll divide."

"If it's true," said I.

"It's got to be true," Dorden retorted. "My luck has got to change some time."

Fenton sat there, the sweat pouring from his pale face.

"You poor limp fool!" Dorden said contemptuously.

"Now, the first thing is for us to go to bed."

He seemed to direct us like a captain, and we readily allowed him the leadership. Yet I fancied something dangerous in his eyes, and I remembered that after I was in bed I rose and bolted my door. What if the dream were not a dream? Ay, what if we should find that treasure? And then my dream maddened me, and I tossed till the sun came over the mountain-top—the mountain, perhaps, of the cave of the river.

We started out after breakfast stealthily, as if we were on some thievish errand. The manner of thieves seemed to fall to us easily.

At first the search promised well, for the old road by the monastery was a marvellous piece of engineering for its day and time. Nature, so forceful in Mexico after all the years, had not destroyed man's work. So anxiously we followed that splendid and forgotten way, which reminded us nothing so much as of an old Roman road, such as you may see along the Mediterranean or the Adriatic. Countless treasure, perhaps, had been dragged over it in the old days before the mine to which it led had

been abandoned. Yes, it told of old interests, old passions. On we went doggedly, through the thick growth, no one of us with a word, mutely following Dorden's lead. Two hours must have passed—the growth made it tediously slow—before at last we saw the high projecting rock. Yes, the rock then existed! My heart beat uproariously, and I knew how my companions felt from the pallor even Dorden displayed. From the western side, at the centre of the rock's base, he began to pace.

"One, two—"

Fenton and I followed. Yes, there was the sheer face of the cliff and the thick trees and bushes at its foot. We stumbled on over the layers of rotting trunks and leaves. A snake, so deadly in Sonora, ran out before him, yet Dorden persisted, and again we were favoured, for we came directly, with scarcely an error, on the opening. Dorden had brought a machete, and now proceeded to cut the bushes away, and then we heard a low, distant rumble, as of subdued thunder.

"The river!" Fenton cried at this repeated evidence. But what we saw was more encouraging. For the cave stopped at about twenty feet. It was walled by masonry, lichen-covered. A hundred wriggling creatures were on the surface. But here was, indeed, what Miguel Santos, dead a full century and a half, had promised; and there was the iron door, rusted and discoloured, so that we wondered if, indeed, it would answer to the pressure on the upper left-hand corner; wondered if in all the years the treasure had not been taken. Again it was Dorden making the trial, while we stood waiting. The road to riches—to the cave of Santos' avarice—seemed easy indeed.

The air that swept our faces was singularly fresh and sweet, due to the waters that we heard now in a deafening roar. Then the rush of air seemed to stop. Dorden had no difficulty in lighting the candle, which gave a feeble glare in the vast place.

"Careful," he said, as he advanced; and we saw we were on the edge of a vast precipice, with the undistinguishable mass of the roaring river far, far below. We all three turned about, our faces blanching. And then a strange thing occurred. A pale white light began to be diffused. I could not account for it then; though now I understand that the shifting sun had reached some opening along the course of that underground river. It was a vast stream indeed; a sheer fall of many hundred feet, as we now were able to see. The farther shore we could not tell in that half light—now it had become almost like early twilight; but it seemed to me as broad as the Hudson. Whence did it come? and whither were those waters carried in their mad whirl? But I was interrupted by Dorden's cry. He was pointing toward a projecting cliff, which hung out far over the water. It was approached by a narrow neck, so that it formed a peninsula jutting into the air above the roaring waters. The space might have had a diameter of fifty feet. But what we saw astounded us even in our expectations, now raised by the success of every step of the search. On this space were above a score of iron chests, their lids all opened, revealing in the increasing light the sheen of diamonds, the blue and green of sapphires, and the glow of rubies. They lay there beckoning, as Miguel Santos had left them. From many of the chests was the absorbing yellow glare of golden coins—so many, that in the moment we could not calculate their number. Yet we knew that here was wealth such as Croesus' incalculable riches of gold and precious stones. But why had they been put on that jutting rock, I questioned?

I don't believe the others even questioned. Now that we could see quite plainly, Dorden cast the candle down into the depths, and almost ran toward the treasure. I saw him dizzily rushing along the narrow passage, and kneeling before one of the chests, and crying out like a maniac. Fenton was close behind him, gloating over the jewels. As I followed he picked from one of the chests a piece of manuscript.

"What is this?" he said, holding it up, for the light now was strong enough for us to read by it.

"More of Santos' words," he added.

"Look at the gold, not papers," Dorden cried. But the instinct of the scholar mastered Fenton even in that moment.

"Miguel Santos' writing," he said; and slowly he rendered—

"Gold thou comest by dishonestly shalt curse thee always. For sin must be penance. Fool, thou shalt perish with thy gold and thy precious stones. The punishment of God on the miser is that he shall not keep what he gloats on."

"Fool!" came Dorden's voice, hissing over our shoulders. I looked at him almost fearfully, for there was a maddish glare in his eyes. Suddenly, like a fiend, he threw himself on us both. "It shall be mine," he cried. "Only mine." The onslaught carried us all three near the edge, Fenton and I struggling to hold him back. In some way—God knows how—I disentangled myself, and turned just at the edge. My companions were not there; but from afar was a little splash, while a voice cried out in horrid despair—it indeed may have been my strained imagination, and yet, indeed, it may have been Dorden's.

"Cursed! Cursed!" came that fearsome cry. Fearsome, I say, for I was fleeing. I was across the narrow passage, and as I reached the firmer earth I heard a great crunching and crumbling behind. Awed even in my fear, I looked about. The air seemed to be filled with flying coins and jewels, sending out yellow and red, blue and green flashes; and then the earth gave way, that great crag sank, and a moment—yes, it might have been a moment, but it seemed to me a tediously horrible day—there came a mighty splash, and the spray struck my face even where I stood, so far above the surface of this great river which begins and ends in the bowels of the earth. Its bottom at this point you may find, should you examine, strewn with old Spanish coins and jewels, and perhaps with the

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A memorial porch has been put up at St. Martin's, Leicester, to the memory of the Rev. E. T. Vaughan, who was Vicar from 1802 to 1829, and of his three sons—Charles J. Vaughan, who served the church three years; Edward T. Vaughan, who was incumbent from 1844 to 1859; and David J. Vaughan, who succeeded him in 1860, and died in 1893. The Bishop of Peterborough preached at the dedication, and said that the event was almost unique, for where else could they find a father and three sons who had ministered God's Word and sacraments for over seventy-eight years in one great English church? He said that the characteristics of the Vaughan family were that they

long before he fully recovered from the blow, but in the end he got back his old cheerfulness. His main work was done in London, at St. John's, Notting Hill, where he laboured for twenty-four years. During his incumbency he declined the Bishopric of New Zealand. In 1878 Archbishop Tait pressed upon him the rectory of Buxted, where he was exceedingly popular. Despite his infirmities of sight and hearing, his people would have no other chairman for their Parish Council, and his leadership was always cordially supported by the Nonconformists.

Strong appeals are being put forth for the Universities Mission to Central Africa, which is in great need of funds. Its arduous task has been efficiently performed, and many



The onslaught carried us all three near the edge, and in some way I disentangled myself.

bones of men. Yet most of that great wealth may have been carried by the forceful current of the river far on under the earth, which gives and takes our riches as she gives and takes our bodies. As for me, I had then no desire to search, nor have I now. Then I turned and ran out of that accursed cave of avarice. Outside, the warm Mexican sun beat on me. But I did not dare to return to Corpus Christi. I turned down the other side of the mountain, thinking of the soul of Miguel Santos, and those of my two late companions—God help them! For me in the few years left there is penance for my past, and so I have come back into the New England town where my crime was done. As for the riches of the cave of avarice, I would not touch them, even for the comfort of restitution to those I robbed. The secret of Miguel Santos shall end with me, for the way to the cave is not as I have described, even should you chance on the village of Corpus Christi, in the State of Senora.

THE END.

were foremost to understand that the religion of Jesus Christ bore an aspect toward the arranging of social questions, and they brought the old Evangelical truth down to the needs of more modern days without abating one jot or tittle from the old and lasting substance of the Gospel. In conclusion, the Bishop said very justly that deep Christian courtesy was a striking characteristic of all the Vaughans.

The original of Old Brooke, in "Tom Brown's School-days," the Rev. John Philip Gell, has passed away. He was well-nigh the last of Arnold's famous sixth form of Rugby—Clough, Stanley, Simpkinson, Lake, and Vaughan having gone before. The survivors of those whose names and correspondence appear in Dean Stanley's Life of Arnold are now few indeed, and that book is closed by a letter from Mr. Gell to Mrs. Arnold. Mr. Gell was married to the only child of Sir John Franklin in 1849. She died in 1860, and left him with seven young children. It was

gifted men have served it, but for several years it has been meeting the deficit in its income by expending its capital. This is now almost exhausted, and if the work is not to be curtailed, an increase of £4000 a year is required for the ordinary work of the mission.

Mr. Percy Bunting contributes to the *Sunday Magazine* an interesting paper on the late Dr. Moulton, explaining Dr. Moulton's success as Head Master of the Leys School. He says that the Doctor was passionately fond of boys' books, stories of adventure, and the like, and would astonish some shy lad afraid of the Head Master by getting up a conversation about the last story he had read, and telling him the thrilling plot of a tale he had himself read long ago. Dr. Moulton was a great buyer of books, but it constantly turned out that they were only bought in order to lend them to someone who had asked for or needed the loan,

THE SACK OF THE AMERICAN MISSION, CHUNG-KING.

From Photographs supplied by Mr. T. Gear Willett.

Disturbing news of native rioting in the suburbs of Chung-King, the capital of the wealthy Chinese province of Szechwan, brought brief intelligence of the sack of the American Medical Mission in Kiang-Peh on March 17, the murder of one of the staff, and the maltreating of other members by the mob. The affair proved so serious that, on the refusal of the local militia to allow the sentence of death to be carried out against the murderer of the medical official, the foreign Consuls had to demand full redress and the dispersal of both mob and militia from the Taotai.

Kiang-Peh, which, being interpreted, may be rendered as "River North," is a suburb of Chung-King lying on the northern bank of the Yangtse, opposite the main bulk of the town, which forms, at the confluence of the Kia-Ling and Yangtse Rivers, the chief port of the wealthy province of Szechwan. It is a small independent department governed by a "T'ing," magistrate. It has always had the notoriety of being an anti-foreign city—that element being chiefly produced by the literary class and a lower class, who act as their tools.

All classes, from officials downwards, have been glad to avail themselves of medical help from the foreigner, and invitations to go over there from Chung-King have been



Dr. Liu. Dr. McCartney. Dr. Liao. Dr. Tuan.
DR. McCARTNEY AND HIS STAFF OF ASSISTANTS, INCLUDING THE MURDERED MAN
AND OTHERS MALTREATED BY THE MOB.

given. Dr. J. H. McCartney, of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, recently inaugurated work over at Kiang-Peh, and it is one of his assistants who was murdered, while others of his staff were maltreated. The fame of Dr. McCartney's medical work is widespread, and he enjoys a high reputation in the whole district round about Chung-King. The news that the local militia

prevented the execution of the warrant for the murderer's arrest shows a serious state of affairs, as this militia is practically the only force the resident magistrate has to uphold his authority. The people of Chung-King, a city of some three or four thousand inhabitants, are much more friendly than the populace of the opposite city of Kiang-Peh, which numbers nearly thirty thousand. No one would have anticipated danger for Dr. McCartney or his staff, as their work has always seemed appreciated in the district.

Canon Benham contributes to the *Guardian* a pleasing appreciation of the late Canon Whitehead, brother of Henry Whitehead, whose memoir has recently been written, and of whose sermons George Macdonald has spoken in such high praise. He was appointed in 1871 by Archbishop Tait to succeed Canon Tarver at St. Peter's, Thanet, and remained there

till the end of his life. One reason for his appointment was that Mrs. Tait had just established her orphanage by the North Foreland, and wanted to have a High Churchman to serve it. Canon Benham thinks that his late friend had not the originality of his brother Henry, but he had a rich and powerful voice, which reverberated all through Westminster Abbey when he preached there.



NORTH VIEW OF CHUNG-KING AND KIA-LING RIVER: KIANG-PEH CITY ON THE LEFT.



THE GREAT STORM.—SCENE AT MARGATE: HORSES DROWNED IN THE ATTEMPT TO LAUNCH THE LIFE-BOAT.

From a Sketch by an Eye-Witness.

In the course of the great gale a vessel near the Girdle Light signalled for help, and an attempt was made to launch the Margate life-boat "Quiver." A wheel of the boat's trolley became fixed on a rock, and the horses attached to the carriage were carried off their legs by a heavy sea. The animals were promptly unfastened, and four of the eight got clear of their trappings in time to save themselves. Three of the poor creatures were drowned, however, before they could get free, and a fourth, attached to them by its harness, plunged heavily, beyond reach of help, for some time and then succumbed. The boat was eventually hauled off, but only after she had been too severely damaged to put to sea.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Italian Literature.* By Richard Garnett. (Heinemann.)
An Examination of the Charge of Apostasy against Wordsworth. By W. Hale White. (Longmans.)
Mr. Gregory's Letter-Box, 1813-35. Edited by Lady Gregory. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)
Mirabeau. By P. F. Willert. (Macmillan and Co.)
Thomas Cranmer. By Arthur James Mason, D.D. (Methuen and Co.)
The Story of the Malakand Field Force. By Winston L. Spencer Churchill. (Longmans.)
Egypt in the Nineteenth Century. By D. A. Cameron. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

One is apt to grow a little weary of the torrent of books in series, especially if the reader has had faith enough to order the series in advance. But happily there is an occasional reward for such confidence, as when one encounters so admirable a production as Dr. Garnett's handbook of Italian literature, the fourth in Mr. Heinemann's "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World" Series. The work, while dealing with a great subject in brief, is never scrappy. It is eminently readable, and presents the chief virtues of such a compendium—satisfactory information and real appreciation, condensed indeed, but never formless. To beginners it cannot fail to prove stimulating. As the aim of the work is popular, the greater number of the quotations are in translation, but these are always apt, and representative as far as translation can be of the spirit of the original. Dr. Garnett has been comparatively sparing in his treatment of Dante, but his defence will be readily accepted. Had genius, he pleads, prescribed the scale of treatment, a third of the book ought to have been devoted to Dante; but thus all authors must have suffered for one. The book comes very close up to date, and finishes with a chapter on "Contemporary Italian Literature." Probably the most interesting feature of that section is an appreciation of d'Annunzio's work. Sensuous exuberance, it would seem, is much less obtrusive in his later poems, and nothing seems to be taking its place. Dr. Garnett finds in it a tendency to the "worst kind of pessimism." For all that, he is still hopeful of really permanent and formative work from d'Annunzio's pen.

It is doubtful whether Wordsworthians are much distressed by the charge of apostasy, political and religious, against Wordsworth, which has been inquired into by Mr. William Hale White and found wanting. Mr. White, whose intimate knowledge of the Wordsworth manuscripts fits him for such a task, merely presents the court with extracts from the poet's works, accompanied by a brief running commentary, chronological and critical, and thus, as it were, leaves the defence mainly in Wordsworth's own hands. The result is evidently satisfactory to Mr. White; and those who have hitherto found it hard to believe "that Wordsworth was no apostate, and that to the last he was himself," ought now to have their doubts finally resolved. Most Wordsworthians have their own selection of quotations to prove this. Mr. Hale's set of extracts will prove at least interesting for comparison.

A pleasant reflection of Irish political life early in the century is afforded by the contents of "Mr. Gregory's Letter-Box," which, large, iron-clamped, and leather-covered, is now opened to a curious world by Lady Gregory. In 1813 Mr. Gregory became Under-Secretary for Ireland, a post which he held till 1831. The letters now published belong to that period, and throw many interesting sidelights on the lives of public characters. The correspondence contains nothing startling, and is often commonplace, but now and then it is racy of the soil. With Lord Wellesley, as Viceroy, Mr. Gregory does not seem to have got on very well; but there is a presumption of kindlier feeling later, when Wellesley interested himself in the Under-Secretary's little grandson (afterwards Sir William Gregory), to whom he gave daily lessons in the classics. There is a welcome touch of literary reminiscence in the statement that Mr. Gregory could not resist dining at the house of Blake, the brilliant barrister (who was labelled "dangerous" by good Protestants) in order to meet Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Gregory was much resorted to by the Place-Hunter, which "Hungry Importunity" (the phrase is the Under-Secretary's own) is amusingly anatomised in a separate chapter.

With so many existing biographies of Mirabeau, any addition to the number may seem to French scholars superfluous, but English readers must feel grateful to Mr. Willert, of Exeter College, for the brilliant monograph on the orator of the Revolution contributed to the "Foreign Statesmen" Series. New facts the writer does not seek, his desire is rather to bring the reader into personal contact with Mirabeau, not to present him as he appeared to others, which is the prevailing characteristic of all existing biographies. A character so complex as Mirabeau's calls for an almost superhuman fairness on the historian's part, for in few lives is the balance more difficult to strike between praise and blame. Within the limited scope of his work the present writer has succeeded admirably. Avoiding comment and discussion, Mr. Willert has told a straightforward story which, without cloaking Mirabeau's defects, or exaggerating his virtues, enables the reader to understand the fascination of the orator's personality. The work is, of its kind, a classic.

Another useful biography (in the "Leaders of Religion" Series), less brilliant perhaps, and more of the nature of a compendium, is that of Thomas Cranmer, by Dr. A. J. Mason. The object of the book is, in effect, the same as that of the preceding, to show the subject as a living personality. It is given to few men to do this with success; to fewer still to do it from a plain narrative of fact. But if the treatment is more laborious and less vivid than in the former biography, the "Cranmer" is a work which will be welcome to beginners as an introduction, and to advanced students as a convenient focussing of knowledge, while the general reader will find in its pages a good deal more than is necessary to a "competent knowledge" of the subject.

In "The Story of the Malakand Field Force" Mr. Winston L. Spencer Churchill presents a graphic and timely narrative of a portion of the recent Frontier War. The book, which is an expansion of the author's letters to a London morning contemporary, is written in a light and telling style, which carries the reader agreeably from cover to cover. The author, who is a Lieutenant in the 4th Queen's Own Hussars, was an eye-witness of much that he describes, and he describes it so well that the reader, too, feels himself almost an eye-witness. His observations on the character of the Indian Frontier tribes and his notes upon the theatre of operations will prove most valuable and welcome to the increasing public which interests itself in the problems of the expansion of our Empire. The text is elucidated by capital maps and plans. Another work which also bears a timely interest is Mr. D. A. Cameron's "Egypt in the Nineteenth Century," a useful and well-balanced *résumé* of the history of the land of the Nile, from Napoleon's expedition in 1798 to the present time. For the writer Egypt is "a land of promise," which he prophesies will have become by 1969 the most valuable domain on the face of the globe.

THE NAVY AGAIN.

- Drake and the Tudor Navy.* With a History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power. By Julian S. Corbett. Two vols. (Longmans.)
The Royal Navy. A History from the Earliest Times to the Present. By W. Laird Clowes. In Five vols. Vol. II. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)

In this excellent work, Mr. Corbett gives not only a very spirited picture of the life and adventures of the greatest seaman of the Elizabethan age, but also a clear and very interesting account of the growth of our naval power. The broadside sailing-ship, which for three centuries was the sheet-anchor on which not only the greatness, but the very existence, of England depended, is traced back to the sailing merchant-ship rather than to the great war-galleys of the Mediterranean or the long ship of the Norsemen. On this development Drake's influence was very marked, and its results were seen when he led the handy, heavily armed ships of Elizabeth against the great Armada. Like many of the illustrious seamen of his age, Drake was a native of Devon, and although his services to the nation during the war of the Armada were of incalculable value, it was as a daring and successful corsair that he had made himself famous. Though he harried the Pacific coast of America, and made his way home round the world in his last buccaneering voyage, the shores of the Caribbean witnessed the earliest and most heroic of his exploits, and it was off these shores that in after years he received a true Viking burial—two of his ships being sunk beside his coffin. He was great as a corsair, admiral, and statesman, and we may well honour his memory.

Mr. Clowes' second volume carries the history of the Royal Navy through the entire Stuart period. The fine navy left by Elizabeth became, under James, unfit even to protect our shores from the Moorish pirates, and although it improved vastly, it was Cromwell's time before it became strong in numbers and thoroughly efficient. Cromwell's rule marks a glorious era in the history of our Navy. He recognised the influence of sea-power, and, to secure this, he spent half the revenues of the State on a navy, which, under its soldier-admirals, Blake and Monck, effectually humbled Holland and Spain, and repressed the corsairs of the Mediterranean. The period which followed the Restoration was marked by four great naval wars. In the Dutch wars immense fleets were engaged on both sides, and the fighting was very obstinate. The next war was the first of those struggles between England and France which continued well into this century, and although at the beginning the French won two important victories, they failed to follow them up, and were soon reduced to a war on commerce. The next war, which lasted for eleven years, ended in the exhaustion of France, and the establishment of England as a naval power in the Mediterranean, with Gibraltar and Minorca as bases, and with new colonies and extending commerce in other quarters of the globe.

A LITERARY LETTER.

The continuous sale of Scott's novels is a perplexing riddle to me; it so far exceeds that of any other modern books that are counted for great literature. And yet one is not impressed with a familiarity with Scott in the younger generation. So many of them pronounce him dull and *passe*, and that juvenile view is supported by an august critic on the *Saturday Review*. Nevertheless, edition after edition comes to hand, and they would not be published did they not command a considerable sale. The latest is Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Century Scott," in little shilling volumes, two of which—"Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth"—have just reached me. On analysis, I find that these are merely a rebinding in single volumes of what were formerly given in two volumes in the edition of Scott issued by Bradbury and Agnew. They certainly make an excellent shilling's-worth, although I demur to the statement contained in a circular issued with the books, to the effect that "anything in the shape of notes by an alien hand, however sympathetic, could only be regarded as an intrusion"—a proposition with which I am only disposed to find fault because the notes of Mr. Andrew Lang in the Border Edition of Scott are of so much real value. The audacity of Scott's latest publishers, however, lies in the fact that while making their protest against new notes they have actually, after relegating them to the back of the volume, cut down Scott's own notes and Introduction. If the addition of new notes be an "intrusion," what word can we apply to the mangling of the notes of the author himself?

Messrs. A. and C. Black will shortly publish an interesting contribution to modern naval history entitled, "My Middy Life," by Admiral Montagu. Admiral Montagu went through the Crimean War, and his story is sure to be a most dramatic and exciting one.

There are few books more rich in reminiscences of interesting people than the "Diary, Reminiscences, and Conversations" of Henry Crabb Robinson, which was published in 1869 in three volumes, afterwards—in later

editions—made into two. This book was worked up by the late Dr. Sadler, who, until lately, was a Unitarian minister at Hampstead, from Robinson's original "Diary," which is preserved in Dr. Williams's library in Gordon Square. The originals from which Dr. Sadler made his book include thirty-five closely written volumes of "Diary," thirty volumes of "Journals" of tours, thirty-two volumes of "Letters," four volumes of "Reminiscences," and one of "Anecdotes," making one hundred and two volumes in all. It may be imagined that from such a mine of wealth as this Dr. Sadler did not pick all the good things. The treasure-house was, at a later date, laid open to the inspection of that most careful and industrious student of literature, the late Mr. James Dykes Campbell. Mr. Dykes Campbell prepared yet another volume of Crabb Robinson's "Reminiscences," the publication of which was stopped by his untimely death. That volume of reminiscences is in the hands of Mrs. Dykes Campbell, and will, I hope, at an early date be published. It is sure to be an unqualified success.

Crabb Robinson occupied a portion of the house at 30, Russell Square, now tenanted by Mr. W. M. Thompson, the well-known barrister. He died there at the age of ninety-one on Feb. 5, 1867. His grave is a few yards from that of George Eliot, in Highgate Cemetery. He is remembered now principally by his "Reminiscences," but his breakfasts at Russell Square were a famous institution in their day. He was a friend of Lamb, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Wordsworth dedicated one of his books to him in verses beginning, "Companion, by whose buoyant spirit cheered." He wrote nothing himself worth remembering, but he assisted Sarah Austin in her "Characteristics of Goethe" and Gilchrist in his "Memoirs of Blake." Altogether, it can scarcely be doubted that Mr. Dykes Campbell's volume will be a valuable addition to literary history.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's latest opinion of Shakspere is that he is to Ibsen "what the Eiffel Tower is to one of the peaks of an Alpine chain." This piece of Celtic irresponsibility appears in the *Saturday Review*, where, however, it is qualified by the publication in the same issue of a brilliant and serious criticism of Shakspere from the pen of the editor, Mr. Frank Harris.

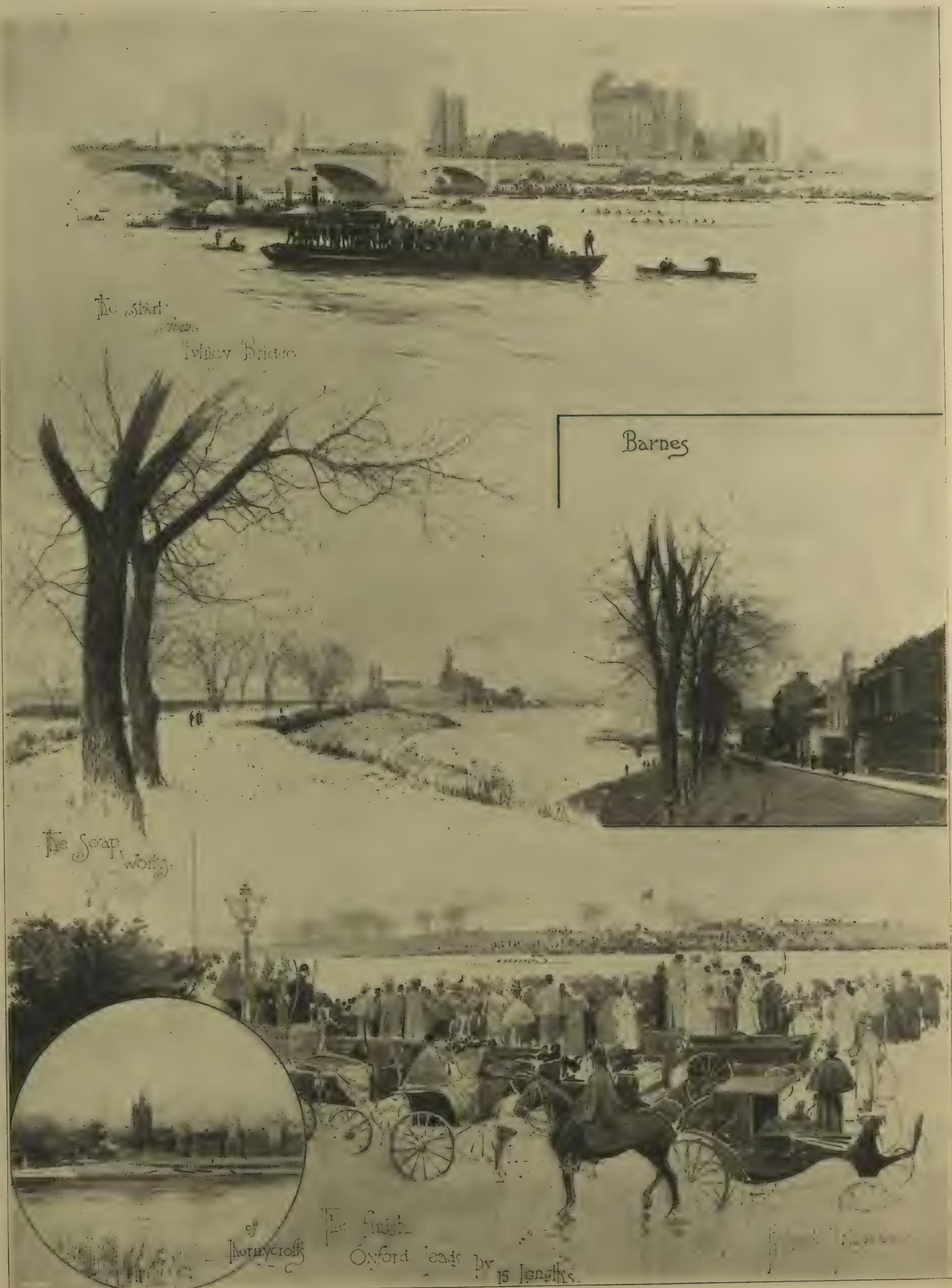
We are in the midst of an immense Shakspere movement in literature. I suppose there never was a year since, say, the death of Scott and Goethe, in 1832, that has not produced a number of volumes of Shakspere criticism, but I should judge that no single year ever gave us quite as many books on Shakspere as the publishing season of 1897-98. There has been Mr. Sidney Lee's capital article in the "Dictionary of National Biography," which I am glad to see is speedily to be made into a volume, with the essays he has since contributed to the question added thereto. Madden's "The Diary of Master William Silence" and Rolfe's "Shakspere the Boy" are only two out of a dozen further contributions of rich value. And now I have to thank Messrs. Dent and Co. for commencing in England a student's edition of Furness's "Variorum Shakspere."

The "Variorum Shakspere" of Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, is a book some volumes of which I had the happiness to come across many years ago in the London Institution Library, and I have always counted it for the very best monument to Shakspere that the English-speaking race can boast of. To the editor's own informing notes, we have the notes of a hundred other scholars added, and the criticisms of Coleridge, Lessing, Goethe, and so on. No Shakspelian enthusiast can possibly do without Mr. Howard Furness's volumes, which in their new form contain at present only "Romeo and Juliet" and "Macbeth."

There is an amusing review of the Dunlop-Burns letters in the *Outlook*. It is obviously from the pen of Mr. W. E. Henley. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have advertised these hitherto unpublished Burns letters as edited by Mr. William Wallace, the "chief authority" on Burns. Mr. Wallace is the editor of the new edition of "Chambers's Burns," which came out at the same time as the "Centenary Burns," of which Mr. Henley was one of the editors. Whether Mr. Henley, Mr. Henderson, his colleague, or Mr. Wallace is the "chief authority" on Burns does not much matter to most of us. It is clear that Mr. Henley is the most vigorous writer, and his article on the "Chief Authority," as he calls Mr. Wallace again and again, is really very amusing reading, although one would scarcely gather from it the fact that Mr. Wallace has really given us a valuable addition to Burns's correspondence, that he has carefully indicated which are new letters and which are old, and that by bringing the whole Dunlop correspondence together he has done a service to all who are interested in Burns, and even to the happy possessors of the Centenary Edition of Burns's works.

The proprietors of the *Times* newspaper have turned publishers with a vengeance, encouraged, I suppose, by the success of their *Atlas*. They announce a new reprint of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" in fourteen volumes at one guinea the volume, and they expect to sell an incredible number. The work is certainly full of good things, and henceforth we may expect these good things to be scattered through the conversation of many a doctor and lawyer in emulation of a character described by Dr. O. W. Holmes, who showed remarkable familiarity with every subject up to the point at which he awaited the next volume of the "Encyclopaedia," for which he had subscribed.

The *New York Nation* expresses the opinion that the indiscriminate eulogy now extended to young poets in England is more fatal to genius than the *Quarterly's* treatment of Keats or the "This will never do!" with which Jeffrey greeted Wordsworth's "Excursion." It considers that sensationalism is as marked in the literary criticism of London as is the love of political sensation in the American Press, and refers to the fate of Philip James Bailey, Alexander Smith, Sydney Dobell, and, more recently, Francis Thompson, as that which is likely to overtake the much "boomed" poets of the last two or three years.





ARMED POLICE FIRING UPON THE RIOTERS.



RIOTERS ATTACKING THE OCCUPANTS OF A CARRIAGE.

THE BOMBAY RIOTS.

From Sketches by Mr. J. Berriman Years.



THE STORMING OF THE DARGAI RIDGE BY THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS: PIPER FINDLATER CONTINUING TO PLAY THOUGH WOUNDED IN BOTH LEGS.

From the Painting by R. Caton Woodville, R.A.

20th Punjab Infantry, one company turning Enemy's left flank.

The Enemy; the two standards on the left were captured.

The Enemy in sangars.



G. MONTGOMERY.

20th Punjab Infantry; two companies covering assaulting party.

10th Field Battery: the Buffs on the spur above.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: ATTACK ON TANGI PASS BY THE FIRST AND SECOND BRIGADES, MALAKAND FIELD FORCE, JANUARY 7.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant H. H. Maclear, Malakand Field Force.



THE BOMBAY RIOTS: REMOVING NURSES FROM THE PLAGUE HOSPITAL TO A PLACE OF SAFETY.

From a Sketch by Mr. J. Berriman Years.



TYNEMOUTH JETTY DURING THE RECENT STORM.

From Photographs by Auty, Tynemouth.

THE STORMY WEATHER.

March has this year gone out like a lion, and a very savage lion to boot. After a few days which were quick with the promise of spring, the middle of last week brought a gale which raged with increasing volume throughout Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, carrying havoc of all kinds in its train. Snow fell heavily in various parts of the country, and railway traffic was seriously impeded, trains becoming imbedded in drifts between Dunstable and Leighton, and at other points on several of the lines. It was at sea and on the coast, however, that the stormy weather wrought its worst effects. At Hartlepool a Norwegian schooner went ashore, and her crew were only rescued by the life-boat with great peril. Several arduous rescues were made off the Yarmouth coast, not, unhappily, without loss of life. At Margate the attempt to launch the life-boat in the face of a heavy sea resulted in the drowning of four of the horses attached to the boat's carriage, and damage to the boat

itself, which finally forbade the putting out to sea. At Lowesoft great masses of cliff were washed away, to the peril of many houses; and Herne Bay, Deal, Margate, and other places have sustained lamentable damage to their sea-fronts. From all round the coast, indeed, comes the same melancholy tale of wreckage, at sea and on shore, accompanied, in but too many cases, by loss of life.

THE RISING IN SIERRA LEONE.

The continued refusal of the disaffected Sierra Leone tribesmen to pay the hut-tax ordained by the Government authorities has grown into an agitation of serious and far-reaching import. At the end of February all communication had been cut off between Kwelu and Port Lokko, the port itself had been abandoned through fear of the marauding insurgents, and even at Freetown considerable uneasiness prevailed as to the possible spread of the disturbance. A little later came the news that the

deserted Port Lokko had been reduced to ruins by the malcontents, and that the native King recognised by the British Government had been forcibly carried off. This ruler has not found favour in the eyes of his subjects since his elevation to the throne in place of a predecessor who sympathised with the enemies of the hut-tax. Whether the tax is really too burdensome a one or not is a question to be settled by those who have a genuine knowledge of the conditions of native life and labour in Sierra Leone, but any unduly harsh enforcement of the law by minor officials, such as is reported to be partly responsible for the rising, will be made a matter of searching investigation and, if need be, generous redress by the authorities. The rising must first be strongly suppressed, however, and that is an undertaking not to be accomplished in a moment. Major Stansfield and a force of West Indian troops have had some sharp fighting in the Kereen territory, whither they were followed last week by another West Indian detachment under Colonel Bosworth.



THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SIERRA LEONE INSURGENTS: OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "FOX."

From a Photograph by a Naval Officer.



MARCH GOES OUT LIKE A LION: "WILL YOU TRY MY ICE-PUDDING?"

Drawn by H. Burgess.



THE GATE OF PROMISE AT ST. BARTHÉLEMY, NEAR CIMIEZ.

Drawn by A. Forestier.

LADIES' PAGE.

DR ESS.

The luxurious fashion of white indoor dresses was inaugurated earlier in the winter by a smart Parisian, and some of our most up-to-date dressmakers are at present employed on dainty indoor frocks of white satin, silk, or mousseline variously. One of particular elaboration to be worn by Lady Dudley is of the first-named material covered with white net quite tight and embroidered with garlands of flowers in jet and aluminium paillettes. Two of these trails run straight across the centre, and above them on each side is a smaller design similarly embroidered. The skirt, scalloped round the bottom, is edged with a ten-inch frilled flounce of white mousseline-de-soie, on which are appliqués of black Chantilly. A green blouse-bodice of soft miroir velvet, elaborately patterned in paillettes to match skirt, has basque sleeves and chemisette of white satin. It is a lovely creation altogether.

Some time since, before women completely monopolised all praisable qualities in human nature, it used to be allowed that mere man had very good taste in matters of dress. He may not have known what it was he admired, it is true, but he generally knew when he did so; and the combination of black and white at all times obtained his favourable judgment. Now that we are so superior, according to some of us, it perhaps matters little, if not less, how the monster's mind may agitate itself over our externals. As one hopelessly decadent and unconvinced of our all-round supremacy, however, I venture not only to admire but transcribe the harmonies existent in a quite new Paris frock, which a pattern husband selected and brought home to the object of his final affections last week. It is a frankly charming dress, and, taken in conjunction with its thoughtful giver, might tame the wildest advanced female clamouring for unreasonable rights. Let me describe it. White moiré of the whitest and softest, ornamented with an irregular pattern in black, which forms complete designs down the skirt. The back is made with a double skirt, edged all round with thick, tightly curled ostrich feather, which trimming curves down at each side much longer than at back. Round the edge of underskirt is also a border of feather. A blouse-bodice of white mousseline-de-soie over poult-de-soie; small chenille flowers being embroidered with miraculous delicacy, their foliage wrought in steel. The old *hausse-col* of a former generation in dressmakers reappears in vandyked Chantilly at the neck, a narrow black velvet waistband fastens behind with a broad looped bow. Tight sleeves, with a pointed design in Chantilly at shoulders and wrists, completes this thrice fascinating costume.

Matching the broad and deep tortoise-shell combs with which we sustain our highly piled back hair at the moment, Paris has invented a quaint little bonnet, of which there is not much, it is true, to relate, but that little piquant. Somewhat in the form of that picturesquely headdress which we come across in summer wanderings amongst the peasants of Auvergne, this



COSTUME OF GREEN CLOTH PIPED WITH BLACK SATIN.

bonnet covers the head tightly and comes down definitely at the sides. Composed of gold tissue, embroidered with silver, jet, and emeralds, it has a pretty effect. In front an upright looped bow of emerald velvet makes good cause with any but an irredeemable complexion. A comb-shaped fold of embroidered tissue finishes it at back.

The ridged and gathered hat, of black or coloured tulle, is having a great innings at the moment, but will doubtless be démodé when summer millinery stops the way. Already one yawns at the jet-spangled brim, though I saw a sufficiently successful model on the Infanta

Eulalia during her brief stay in town last week. It had a hood of vivid pink roses, the right side of crown being trimmed with a garland of the same flowers; at the left side, the brim of which turned up, two black feathers stood upright.

That delicious blue which is known as Neapolitan, partaking of both mauve and periwinkle, queens it at present amongst colours, and a tea-gown of this ilk, which the maker very correctly describes as hydrangea, has just been sent off on a tour of fascination to Buda-Pesth. The ladies of that gay and cosmopolitan haunt are by no means followers of St. Agnes, unless rumour wrongs them; but they, at all events, dress well, and some tea-gowns lately prepared for various happily placed Hungarians by one West-End dressmaker of note would lift the eyelids of anyone not past all emotions in surprises. Very fine black point d'esprit over pale green accordion-pleated China crêpe describes one; a girdle of real emeralds set in square gold plaques is to be worn with it. Another of yellow mousseline over white Liberty satin has a square yoke set with turquoise, the reigning stone of fashion at the moment. A third approached the practicable, being black mousseline-de-soie over satin of the same colour, embroidered à râvrir in jewels of every colour which flashed and gleamed with exceeding attractiveness at all points. In fancy materials, open fabrics are promised the palm; and some canvas voiles, in all manner of pretty shaded and shot colours, are profusely shown by the busy shopman. Newer still are the canvas grounds with lace effects carried through them horizontally, or with stripes of simulated ribbon in various colourings and combinations.

Satin pipings, reverting to mere modes, are a revived variety, which obtain with some seekers after novel effects, and in this illustration a Lincoln green cloth gown, braided in black and with double pipings of black satin, has a very well-arranged effect. It is fastened at left side by smart rosettes of black satin, having diamond centres, and a white felt hat with medallion embroidery and black feathers crowns all uncommonly well. Supplementing my rhapsodies over one black and white frock, I have received this specially designed sketch of another which describes the latest arrangement in striped silk, opening on an under-dress of tucked white chiffon over taffetas. Bands of black and white lace, *entre deux*, embroidered, are employed in diagonal lines at both sides of skirt; a fall of black Chantilly adds to these ornamental intentions its fringe-like effect, and greatly contributes to the success of an undoubtedly charming costume.

SYBIL.

NOTES.

There is much talk in the Press of Europe about the marriage of the young Queen of Holland. It is said that she does not wish to change her condition, but purposes to rule alone, like Elizabeth of England and Catherine of Russia; and for this decision there is excellent reason in the arrangement made for her, that if she should become the mother of a son she shall vacate the throne in his favour as soon as he comes of age! If the little girl has already sufficient sense of the charms of a "career" to foresee in her teens how it must feel to become a disrowned Sovereign in the prime of her years, she must take pattern from the early firmness of Elizabeth, who both in her teens and her early "twenties" refused several good offers on the ground that "by her faith and truth, and as God heard her, she best liked the state she was then in, and was persuaded there was no other comparable to it, and so intended to continue."

But why should a poor child be teased about marrying when she is only seventeen? Queen Victoria, the type for all time of a matron monarch, did not make her choice till she was nearly twenty-one. Too early marriages are the greatest possible mistake for girls. An apple is no more ready to pluck as soon as it is fully rounded on the tree than is a girl to marry because she is womanly of figure; a period of ripening and mellowing is yet needed. Dr. Matthews Duncan proved years ago by elaborate statistics that from twenty-two to twenty-five was the best age for the safe and prosperous entry into woman's kingdom of motherhood; and, as to the mind, every mother and teacher of growing girls knows that there is a period, somewhere in the teens, when the sweetest-natured child has a period of "cantankerousness," a time when she wants to go her own way, and fails to appreciate life's benefits in actual possession—a period out of which the right-natured and well-trained girl will pass into ripened and sweet womanliness if patience be exercised towards her, but which should not be in the hands of an inexperienced young husband to deal with. In one royal family closely associated with our own the experiment of very early marriages has been tried with notoriously unsatisfactory results. Let girls have their girlhood.

Few young girls could be expected to be such wise Queens as Victoria was in her early days. One of her first personally devised letters was to Lord Melbourne urging on the Government of the day the establishment of elementary education for the masses; and we are reminded by the announcement that this year Queen's College, London, will celebrate its "Jubilee," how immediately the Sovereign gave the sanction of her name and patronage to the then novel and far from popular idea of the higher education of women. This college was founded fifty years ago, by Frederick Maurice and others, to afford to young women an advanced education that was then quite an innovation. The Queen became its patroness, and it was by her own command that it was called by her name. It has sent forth many pupils to various careers of usefulness, chiefly in the educational world—the

late Miss Buss was one of them. Perhaps the best known of the more recent generation is Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who is a proof that intellectual culture adds to instead of detracts from grace and graciousness.

India, of course, affords the great illustration of the evils of early marriage; not only in premature entry on the responsibilities of life, but in the making of a large number of "infant widows," girls legally married at two, three, or four years of age, and widowed without



A BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED SILK GOWN.

ever being really wives. As they are nevertheless forbidden to remarry and are considered accursed, doomed to fastings and many deprivations and miseries, the case is cruel. A Bill partially to diminish this misery has been introduced into the Madras Legislative Council; but it only proposes to prohibit the legal marrying of girls under the age of ten. It does not even attempt to interfere with the religious obligation under which Hindu fathers are taught to believe that they rest, of sending their little daughters to husbands' homes in their earliest teens or sooner.

A lady doctor has been appointed by the London County Council as inspector under the new Infants' Life Protection Act. The advantage of the trained eye in discerning the real state of the babies in the "farms" is plain; but it is only the larger towns that will be able to offer a salary sufficient to engage a registered medical practitioner for this work.

No account of the hardships of life at Klondike is going to deter women from trying their fortune there. A club of one hundred and fifty women has been formed, under the leadership of a Chicago woman lawyer, Miss King, and is going to start as soon as the weather breaks. They are not girls, either, the average age being thirty-five. Few of them think of mining, as Miss King wisely recognises that "not one woman in a thousand is fit for it"; but they are going to open boarding-houses, cook-shops, and "general stores," and to "do any work of which women are best capable." One woman is taking her two children. Hitherto most of those who have gone have accompanied their husbands. Miss King's is the first party of women colonists on their own account.

A Mrs. Kelsey, a trained nurse, recently married, has already "gone through" with her husband, in order to follow her own profession while he digs. She had the singular experience of being tossed along over the great Chilcotin Pass by the aerial railway. This is nothing more than a series of strong ropes stretched from peak to peak, on which a box is arranged to hang and be pulled along; and it is intended solely for the transportation of freight, this woman being the first human being to be so sent along. She was strapped tightly in a box two feet wide, three feet long, and two feet deep, and was, to use her own words, "tossed in mid-air from peak to peak." The journey occupied a hour and a half, the longest span on the route being over 1600 feet, across which the intrepid traveller was pulled in about a minute and a half. To traverse the pass on foot takes

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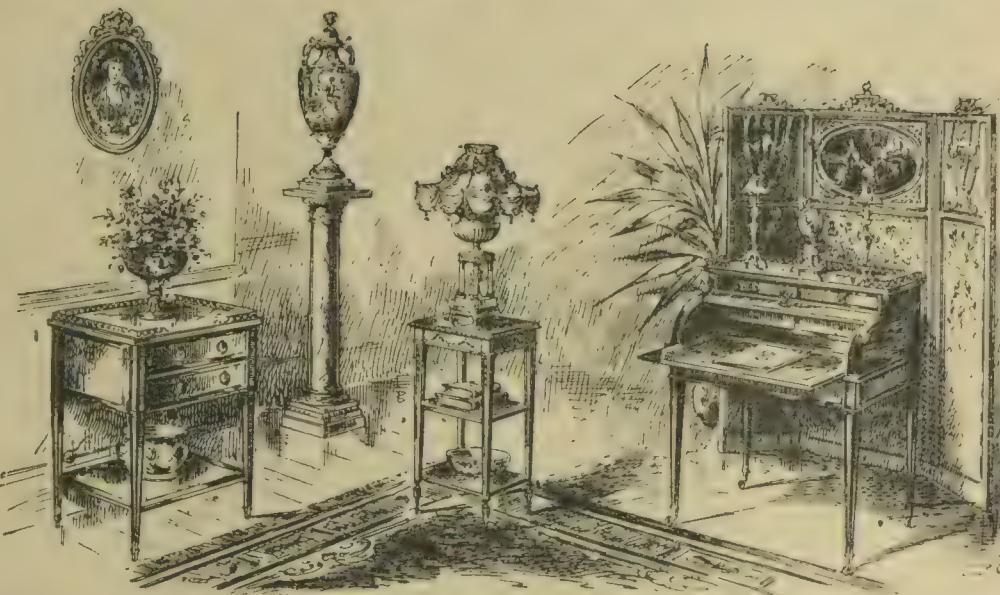
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 7, 1893), with two codicils (dated Jan. 25 and Nov. 5, 1896), of Mr. Robert Rankin, of Broom, Fulwood Park, Liverpool, a director of the Midland Railway Company, who died on Jan. 20, was proved on March 17 by David Jardine, John Rankin, the brother, and George Nicholson, the executors, the value of the estate being £386,181. The testator gives £75,000, upon sundry trusts and conditions, for his daughter, Elizabeth Martin Rankin; £50,000 to his nephew Robert, and £10,000 to his nephew James Rankin, on their respectively attaining thirty years of age; an annuity of £200 to his brother Alexander; an annuity of £50 to his brother Francis; £1000 to his managing clerk, Charles Hill; his jewels and plate to his daughter, and legacies to his servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother John Rankin.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1895) of Mr. Edmund Tattersall, Knightsbridge Green, Albert Gate, and Colherne Court, Earl's Court, who died on March 5, was proved on March 24 by Mrs. Emily Elizabeth Tattersall, the widow, Edmund Somerville Tattersall, the son, Thomas Whittenbury Wheeler, and Edward Horsman Baily, the executors, the value of the estate being £107,839. The testator bequeaths £5000, his house, with the furniture and effects, and an annuity of £4500, until 1907, and then £4000, to be reduced to £1000 per annum on her remarriage, to his wife; his furniture and effects at Albert Gate, and all his sporting pictures to his son Edmund; £100 per annum to his brother Henry for life; £105 per annum each to Thomas Whittenbury Wheeler and Edward Horsman Baily, during the continuance of the trusts of his will, and a few small legacies to people in the employ of his firm. He increases the share of his son Henry in the business of Tattersall and Co. to three thirtieths, and should his son Rupert, whom he has already by deed poll nominated, enter the said business, his share of the profits is to be two thirtieths. All his fee simple property at Newmarket is to be leased to Tattersall and Co. at £1000 per annum until 1907 (the date of the expiration of his articles of partnership), when he devises two thirds thereof to his son Edmund and one third to his son Harry. He gives his property at Richmond to his son Rupert. The policies of insurance on his life are to be realised, and out of the proceeds thereof he gives £2000 each to his five daughters; £5000, upon trust, for his two unmarried daughters, and the residue thereof, upon trust, for all his daughters. After making other provisions for his daughters and his son Richard, he leaves residue of his property, as to three fourths thereof, between his sons except his son Richard, and one fourth, upon trust, for his daughters.

The will (dated Aug. 10, 1897) of Mr. Frederick Robert Whalley, of 28, West Side, Clapham Common, who died on Feb. 17, was proved on March 19 by Frederick Henry Whalley and George Edward Whalley, the nephews and executors, the gross value of the estate being £76,353. The testator bequeaths £2000 and his household furniture to his sister, Mrs. Georgiana Alice Gassiot; £1500 each to his nephews and nieces, Frederick Henry Whalley, George

Edward Whalley, Florence Emily Whalley, and Mrs. Alice Mary How; £1000 each to his nephews, Charles Herbert Whalley and Harold John Whalley; £300 each to his cousins, Anne Maria Tweed and Paul Whalley; £200 to his cousin, Kate Tweed; £100 each to his cousins Caroline Elwes and Charlotte Eldridge; £100 each to his executors; the picture, "Christ Healing the Sick," by Edward Armitage, R.A., to his brother, Adolphus Jacob Whalley; the income of £500 India Three and a Half per Cent. stock to his cousins Alicia and Rowina Whalley; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between all his nephews and nieces, the children of his late brother, John Goodhart Whalley, and the issue of any deceased nephew and niece, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Sept. 19, 1894), with a codicil (dated Dec. 24, 1896), of Mr. Meaburn Staniland, J.P., of 36, First Avenue, Brighton, M.P. for Boston 1859-65 and 1866-67, who died on Jan. 26, was proved on March 18 by Robert William Staniland, Meaburn Staniland, and Alfred Edward Staniland, the sons, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £39,077 18s. 8d., and the net personal £16,510 2s. 8d. The testator bequeaths 100 shares of the Burham Brick, Lime, and Cement Company, to be held upon the same trusts as of 400 of such shares already settled on his five sons; his household furniture to his daughter Matilda, if unmarried at the time of his decease; his pictures, silver plate, and wine between all his children; and £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Louisa Allott. He charges part of his real estate with the payment of £6500 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Mrs. Edith Meaburn Worsley and Matilda Phillips Staniland. The residue of his property he leaves to his five sons, Robert William, Meaburn, Alfred Edward, James, and Charles Arthur Meaburn.

The will (dated Sept. 19, 1892) of Mr. Samuel Shortridge, J.P., of 55, Gloucester Gardens, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on March 21 by Mrs. Hannah Jessie Shortridge, the widow, Miss Eleanor Anne Shortridge, the daughter, and Henry Woods Packard, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £33,437. The testator bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for his wife; £5000 each to his daughters Eleanor Annie, Harriet Rubina, and Jessie Gertrude; £5000 to his son Frederick Mortan Shortridge; £1000, upon trust, for his stepdaughter, Mary Alice Glennie; £3000, upon trust, for his son Samuel Thomson Shortridge, and his wife and children; and his household furniture and effects to his wife and three daughters. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Frederick Mortan Shortridge.

The will (dated May 29, 1895), with two codicils (dated Nov. 26 and Dec. 21, 1897), of Mr. Frederick Waymouth Gibbs, Q.C., C.B., tutor to the Prince of Wales from 1852 to 1858, of 38, Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 18, was proved on March 19 by Bertram Vaughan Johnson, Walter Edward Moore, and the Rev. Lewis Newcomen Prance, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £32,768. The testator directs his executors to give to her Majesty the Queen two packets

of letters kept by him, with his patent as Queen's Counsel; and he bequeaths his painting the "Campagna di Roma," by E. Lear, and the portrait of himself, by G. F. Watts, R.A., to the Prince of Wales; and an etching of Windsor Castle, by Seymour Haden, to the Empress Frederick, and he requests them to accept same as a memorial of him; £2500 to the Princess Victoria of Wales; 100 guineas each to the Princess Charles of Denmark, the Duke of York, and the Duchess of Fife, with a request that they will purchase some small memorial of him; the service of plate presented to him by the Queen, and the silver vase presented to him by the Prince of Wales on his ceasing to be tutor to him, to the Trustees of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn; the bust of Sir James Stephen, by Baron Marochetti, to the Master and Fellows of Trinity Hall, Cambridge; and the inkstand presented to him by the Prince of Wales on his confirmation to the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge—all free of legacy duty. He also bequeaths £100 each to the Devon and Cornwall Hospital, the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum (Wandsworth), the Sailors' Orphan Girls' Schools and Homes (Hampstead), the Corporation of the Royal Literary Fund, and the Trinity College Mission (Camberwell); and many other legacies. By his will he leaves the residue of his property to his cousin, Miles Henry Prance, and to the Rev. Lewis Newcomen Prance; but in the second codicil the testator states that he confirms the appointment of the said Lewis Newcomen Prance as his residuary devisee and legatee.

The will (dated May 29, 1896) of Mrs. Mary Victoria Cowden-Clarke, of the Villa Novello, via San Giacomo, Genoa, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on March 17 by Miss Mary Sabilla Novello, the sister and executrix, the value of the estate being £26,479. The testatrix leaves all her property, wheresoever and whatsoever, to her sister.

The will (dated Oct. 21, 1897), with a codicil (dated Oct. 29, 1897), of Mr. Thomas Bushby Jamieson, of 3, Crescent Gardens, South Kensington, late of 111, Queen's Gate and Mount Murchiston, Australia, who died at Nice on Jan. 26, was proved on March 18 by Miss Wilhelmina Bushby Harkness, the niece and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £21,918. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to his nephews, William Harkness and Thomas George Harkness; and an annuity of £40 to Emma Yeoman, his late wife's maid. The residue of his property he leaves to his niece, Miss Harkness.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, of the will and testament (dated Oct. 22, 1885), and a codicil (dated March 11, 1891), of Brigade-Surgeon James Greig Leask, of Aberdeen, who died at 44, Clarges Street, Piccadilly, on Jan. 16, granted to John Whyte and Stodart James Mitchell, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on March 15, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £21,542 14s. 10d.

The will (dated July 27, 1895), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1896), of Mr. Henry Stacy Marks, R.A., of 5, St. Edmund's Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on March 23 by Alfred Marks, the

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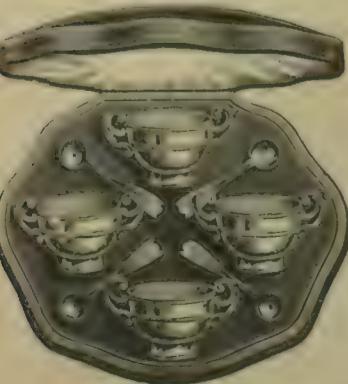


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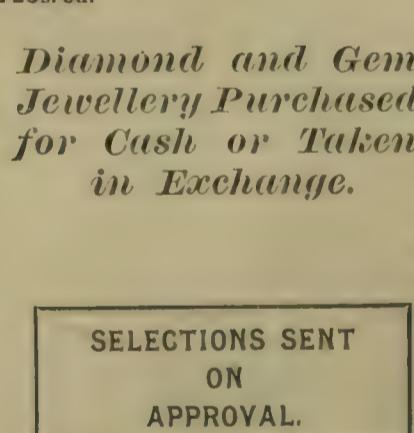
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THE FAMILY WILL HAVE NO OTHER.

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brother, one of the surviving executors, the gross value of the estate being £9307. The testator gives £50, his household furniture and effects and his paintings and sketches to his wife, Mrs. Mary Harriet Marks; and a sketch to his brother. The residue of his property he leaves, as to one third thereof, upon trust, to pay £50 per annum to his daughter Agnes for life, and the remainder of the income thereof to his wife during her widowhood; and, subject thereto, he gives the one third share to his daughter, Mrs. Edith Fanny Helen Guinness. The other two thirds are to be held, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and then for his sons, Valentine Stacy Marks and Leonard Eyre Marks, and his daughter, Mrs. Guinness.

The will of General Sir Daniel Lysons, G.C.B., Constable of the Tower, of 22, Warwick Square, S.W., who died on Jan. 29, was proved on March 23 by Dame Anna Sophia Biscoe Lysons, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £6153.

The will and codicil of Mr. James Kirkby Riggall, J.P., of Great Grimsby, Lincoln, who died on Jan. 26, were proved on March 19 by Albert Edward Riggall, the son, and Harold Herbert Smith, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £10,600 and the net personal £5018.

The will of Major-General George Craster Lambert, of Bolton Hall, near Alnwick, Northumberland, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on March 16 by Mrs. Isabella Lambert, the widow and executrix, the gross value of the estate being £1287 13s. 1d.

The will and codicil of Major-General Sir John Coke, K.C.B., of Le More, Eardisley, Hereford, who died on Dec. 17, were proved in the Hereford District Registry on Feb. 5 by Miss Lucy Elizabeth Hodgson Coke, the niece, and Anthony Temple, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5490 3s. 7d.

The will and codicil of Mrs. Sarah Goostry (Miss Amy Sedgwick), of Hill View, Haywards Heath, who died on Nov. 7 last, were proved on March 8 by Charles Goostry, the husband, and John Wood, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £894 7s. 3d.

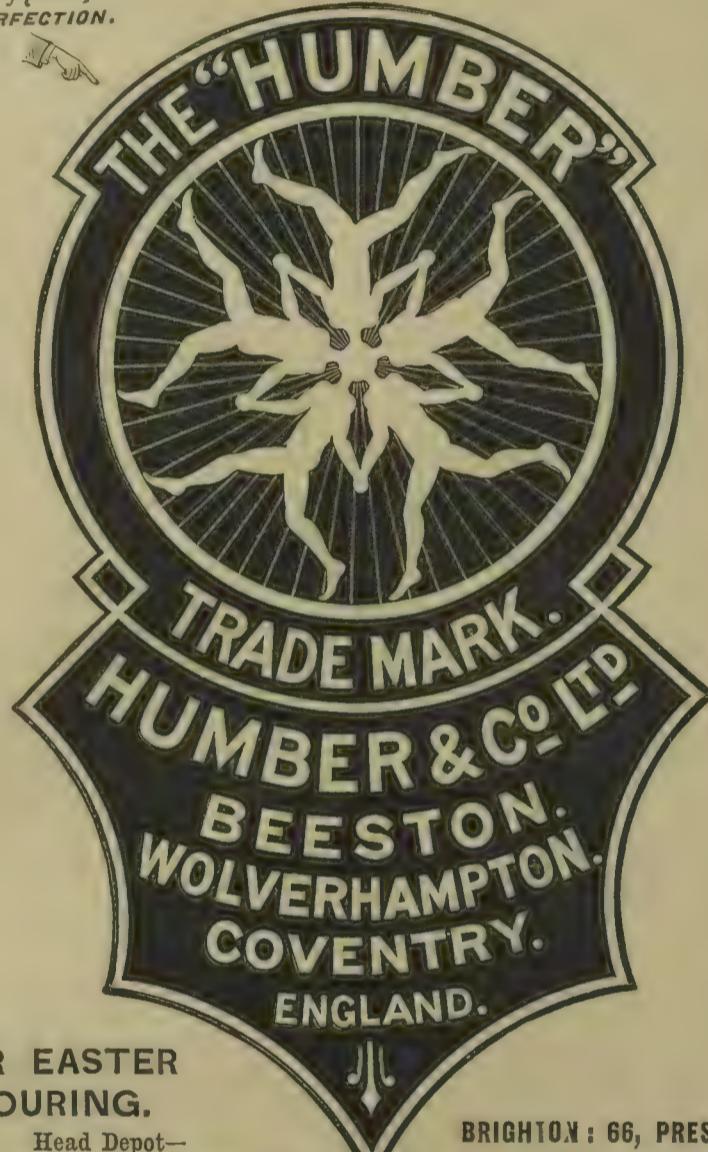
The great and ever-growing army of smokers finds nowadays an embarrassing diversity of tobaccos attendant on its choice, but those devotees of the fragrant weed who have not already made the acquaintance of the wares of the well-known firm of Gallaher may be glad of an introduction thereto. Messrs. Gallaher's Two Flakes Tobacco is a mellow-flavoured blend, with a very pleasant fragrance in the smoking; their Harlequin Flake is equally pleasant to the palate, and lasts long in the pipe, and their Rich Dark Honeydew is also a very agreeable tobacco. The cigarettes of the same firm are naturally to be commended in much the same terms as the parent leaf. The Gold Plate Cigarette is indeed one of the most delicate and refreshing of Virginia Leaf makes, and the gold-tipped, straight-cut Columbine falls not far short of it in palatable qualities.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS. BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The death of Mr. James Payn is an event which will be deeply regretted throughout the world that reads, and that reads to be instructed and entertained by fiction of the purest character and humour of the highest type. The most apt remark one may make concerning Mr. Payn as a writer, is that he had the rare knack of appealing to the personal feelings of his readers. You felt that when James Payn was telling his story, or addressing you in those brilliant paragraphs of his on the first page of this Journal, he was addressing you and you only. This personal magnetism of his was indeed a characteristic charm. My first acquaintance with Mr. Payn began somewhere towards the end of the 'seventies, and he and I used to meet at intervals; the meetings, owing largely to geographical reasons, being all too few, and the intervals all too long. But never did you meet James Payn that you did not feel the happier and the better for the hours spent in his company. His humour was bright and sparkling, and represented the real concentrated tincture of innocent mirth. I remember giving a little dinner at which James Payn, Wilkie Collins, Julian Hawthorne, Andrew Chatto, and a few other literary friends were present. Mr. Payn's stories set the table in a roar, and there was one remark he made by no means the least humorous of that evening. A certain Scot, of the type which hears and inwardly enjoys, but says nothing at all, had heard Mr. Payn at his best.



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Never say Die! but Dye at Once with
MAYPOLE SOAP!

Two pussy cats sat on a garden wall,
As pussy cats frequently do,
And both were as black as a funeral pall,
Exceedingly sombre in hue.

But one had a small speck of white on her nose—
“It worries me sorely,” cried she;
“I look at it daily, and fancy it grows
As large as a Big Bumble Bee!

“The ladies’ home papers contain no hint
On the point that occasions my woes.
Oh! it dims my eyes, for it makes me squint—
That spot on the tip of my nose!



“I’ve tried with enamel the patch to stain,
With blacking, burnt cork, and black lead;
I’ve used hair restorers, but all in vain:
This spot *will* remain on my head!”

She sobbed, and the tears filled her em’rald eyes,
And ran down the cause of her woes.
“Oh, Tommy,” she wailed, “it seems *such* a
size—
This spot at the end of my nose!”

Quoth her mate, “There is still one resource to try,
Ere relinquishing ev’ry hope,
You must have heard tell of that well-known dye—
The ubiquitous **MAYPOLE SOAP**.



“This **MAYPOLE** ‘s a wonderful dye, I’m told,
Its tints are undoubtedly fast—
Don’t be shocked—I don’t mean they are
horribly bold;
I merely imply they will last.”



So some neat little packets of Black they got,
A gallon of water or two,
And set it to boil in a sizeable pot,
As practical housekeepers do.

Then Tom took his wife by her two hind legs,
And dipped her head into the dye;
Then rinsed her, and out on the line with pegs
He fastened her up to dry.

* * * * *

Once more sat those pussy cats on the wall,
Singing songs full of joy and hope—
“We’ll never say dye until death befall,
Unless we can use **MAYPOLE SOAP!**”



MAYPOLE SOAP dyes any material any colour. It won’t wash out or fade, and makes no mess like old-fashioned dyes. For DYEING at HOME short Silk Blinds, Lace Curtains, Toilet Mats, Blouses, Dresses, Underlinen, Ribbons, Children’s Frocks, Pinafores, Lamp Shades, Silk Scarves, Handkerchiefs, Gentlemen’s Shirts, Silk Gloves or Shoes, Stockings, Shawls, &c., &c. All Colours, 4d. per Tablet; Black, 6d.

An Illustrated Novelette, “Three Daughters of Eve; or, Home Dyeing a Pleasure at Last,” sent post free on receipt of address to Maypole Co., Ltd., 98 and 99, High Holborn, London, W.C.

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When the convivial meeting broke up, gripping the novelist by the hand, the Scot paid him the highest compliment in his power when he said, "Mister Payn, I have enjoyed this nicht amazingly. Ye might weel hae been a Scotchman yersel'!"

One little story told by Mr. Payn has always lingered in my mind as one of his happiest. A certain Dean, famous as a *gourmet* in his dinnings out, was, of course, asked to say grace. The worthy dignitary first scanned the *menu*. If it was an ordinary repast, the grace began: "Lord, we thank Thee," but, added Payn, "if there was turtle soup, the invocation commenced: 'Bountiful Creator!'" The last communication I had from the deceased novelist was received about two years ago. It was pathetic in its character, and enclosed me a letter received by him from a reader of *The Illustrated London News*, asking for information respecting some problem in heredity, I think. Mr. Payn sent on the letter to me with a little note saying he thought the inquiry was more in my line than in his, and adding, "I sincerely hope you are in better health than I am." But his wondrous buoyancy of spirits must have sustained him in many an evil physical hour. I always dreaded to hear he had been weaker than usual, for one knew what that meant in the near future. Now that James Payn has crossed the bar, the world is the poorer by a long way through the loss of a writer, facile, charming, and of high purpose. It is men of his stamp

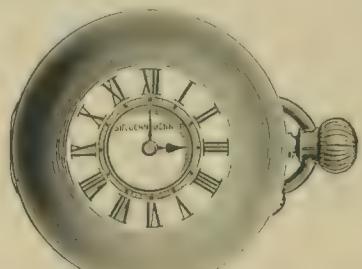
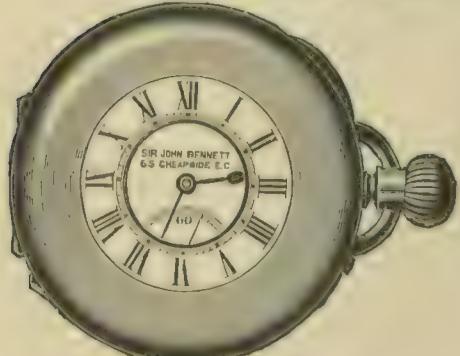
that we can spare worst of all—men who throw a reflection of their own happiness into the lives of other people.

The discoveries of Dr. W. J. Russell announced in his Bakerian Lecture delivered before the Royal Society are likely to excite a high degree of scientific interest. The experiments he described on the action excited by certain metals and other bodies on photographic plates, bid fair to equal in importance the discovery of the famous X-rays themselves. For Dr. Russell has shown that on photographic plates, and in the absence of light-waves, pictures or impressions of certain objects may be taken. The investigations have been made in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, a *locale* associated with the famous names of Faraday, Tyndall, Dewar, and others. It appears that if polished zinc be laid on a photographic plate in the dark, its image will be reproduced on the plate, even to the extent of showing forth any scratches its surface may present. It is also stated that like results may be accomplished through screens of various kinds interposed between the plate and the objects. Not metals alone are thus capable of being reproduced on sensitised plates, for it seems a section of the stem of a larch-tree gives a very perfect impression of its structure and of the rings which mark its growth.

The physical side of these experiments is, of course, a matter which the future will alone be able to develop and explain; but it is evident that our ideas of the nature and

action of light-waves must undergo considerable modification as the result of investigations of the kind Dr. Russell has undertaken. There is another phase of the matter, also, which should not escape the notice of the intelligent reader. Time after time in this column I have ridiculed the pretensions of the spiritualistic and thought-reading fraternity *et hoc genus omne*, suggesting that where ordinary and clever conjuring cannot explain the supposed mystical phenomena, purely physical processes, of the nature of which we are yet ignorant, may. Spirit-photographs, for instance, form part of the stock-in-trade of certain of these modern miracle-mongers, and everybody knows the allegations made regarding the production of these impressions. A blurred image on a non-exposed photographic plate is alleged to be the reproduction of a spirit-image, produced on the plate, presumably, by its own dim effulgence. But Dr. Russell's investigations suggest that such impressions may well be the result of ordinary physical processes, and that the so-called spirit-images are really instances of reproductions of ordinary things with which the plate has been in contact. If even the type on a newspaper can be photographed in the dark, it would be easy to substitute for the type a drawing of a ghost or of a deceased person, and thus to obtain a modern marvel. I do not suggest the spiritualists have been scientific enough to anticipate Dr. Russell; but I do say that chance reproductions, of the nature of spoiled plates, may have masqueraded as mysterious photographs of the kind submitted as "spiritual."

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MUSIC.

On the Monday of last week, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel returned to St. James's Hall with an admirable vocal recital, which attracted a large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Henschel accompanied both himself and Mrs. Henschel in all the songs, and certainly with great effectiveness. Any singer who accompanies himself must necessarily lose a certain portion of self-control so far as concerns his voice, for his energies are clearly divided. But when the feat is accomplished so cleverly and brilliantly as it was done by Mr. Henschel the other day, you gain in a sort of personal unity what you lose in the slight scattering of concentration. He proved once more with something of a triumphant demonstration what a superb song-writer Schumann was, for his singing of "Ich grolle nicht" was no less than such a demonstration. He sang some fine

Schuberts with quite the proper feeling and some sentiment; and Mrs. Henschel sang Schumann's lovely "Nussbaum," but, we thought, just a little too chirpy. It is a song which requires the greatest tenderness of feeling. She was, however, exceedingly charming in other songs, particularly in Mr. Henschel's own duet in canon form, "Oh, that we two were maying." It was in every sense a delightful concert, and in its own way it could not be bettered.

On Thursday evening, at the Conduit Street Galleries, Mr. Edgar F. Jacques delivered a lecture upon mediæval music, which attracted a very fair audience. Mr. Jacques is an enthusiast for his subject, but we did not gather from his lecture that he had altogether gone about the right way of appreciating it. He quoted Gevaert in support of a somewhat astonishing statement that the early composers

of Plain Song did not seek after novelty, and this on the grounds that among a large quantity of antiphons a certain number of essential root-themes were in use. Which is the equivalent of saying that when artists have limited means they do not expect novel effects. You might just as well say that Mozart and Beethoven did not require novelty because they are content with the diatonic scale when they had all the scales of the Plain Song modes at their disposal.

But Mr. Jacques's worst fault was in his theory upon the rhythm of Plain Song. That Plain Song has a rhythm of its own, particular, special, separate, is, of course, true; but just as none of the modes—say that of the Sixth—has the intervals of the diatonic scale, so the old rhythm has none of that modern musical characteristic which we call "time," save by a mere accident. Mr. Jacques, however,

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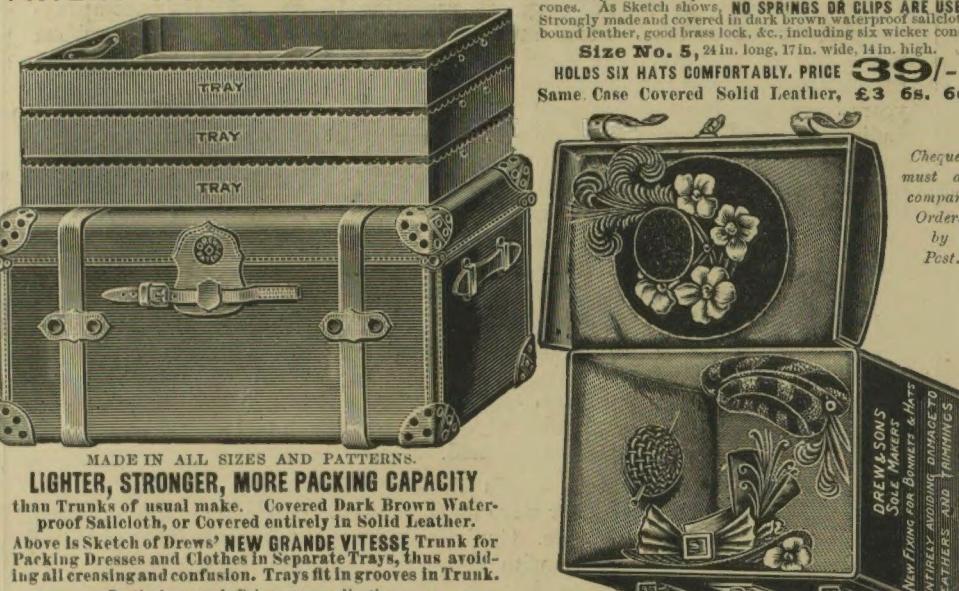
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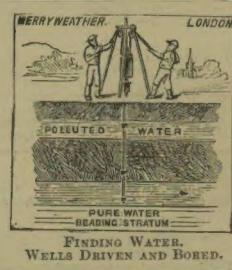
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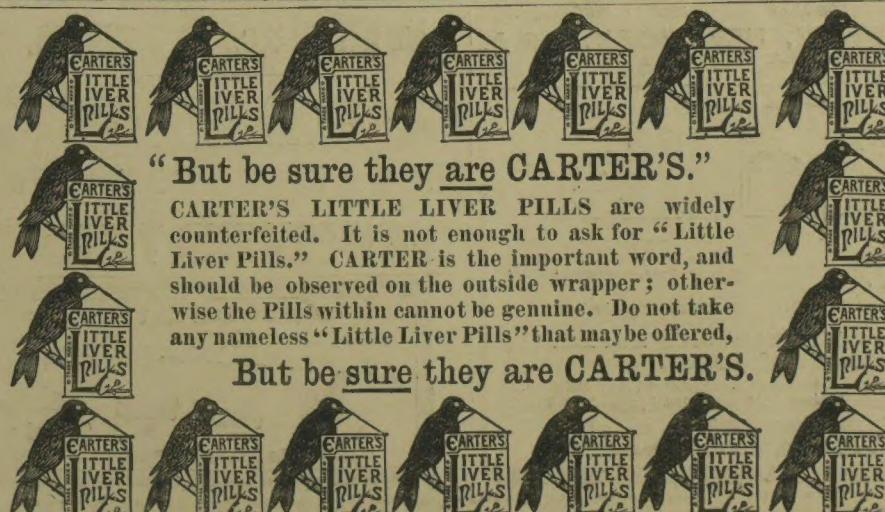
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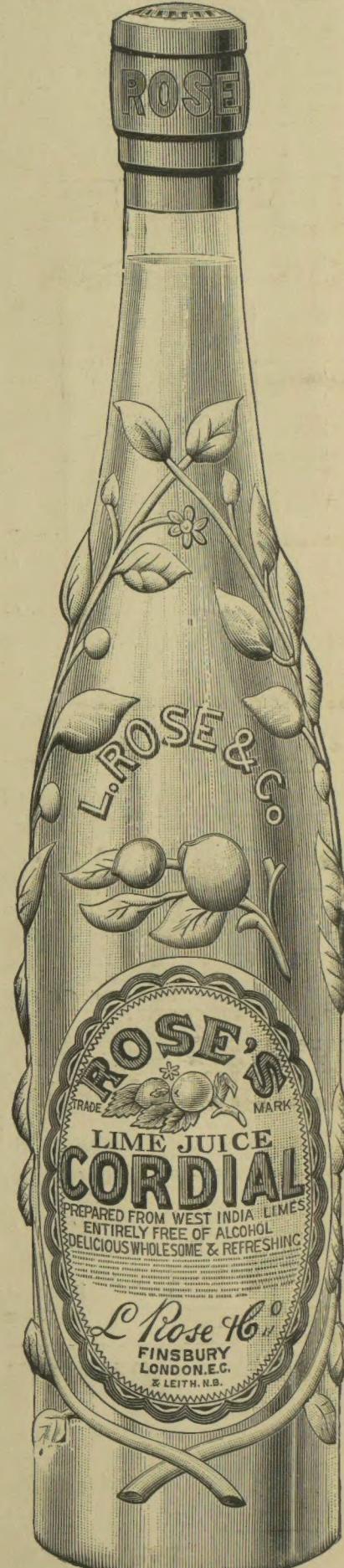


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apparently adopted the theory that if there is a rhythm at all it must be in modern time, and he was consequently reduced to the necessity of supplying that time. But as there are no indications of time in Plain Song, he was also reduced to the necessity of taking his time more or less upon chance. In such a pass what two pairs of ears are likely to agree? Given the notes, say, of the overture to "Tannhäuser," with only vague indications that this note is long, this is short, consider the enormous varieties of tune you could get out of it by changing its time according to your fancy. The result in every event save one would resemble the "Tannhäuser" overture as a man's reflection of his face in a spoon resembles the original. Mr. Jacques's Plain Song examples, in such a manner, resembled the reflection of this music in a spoon. It is all very well to scorn tradition, but this is a case

where tradition alone can decide the matter; and there is no lack of that authoritative element in the world, if the modern enthusiasts of Plain Song only knew where to look for it. In Scotland, in England, in France, in Belgium, in Germany, in Italy, in Austria there are monasteries the monks of which have lived in communities apart, never meeting each other or knowing anything of each other. Yet the tradition is the same in all, and it is a tradition worthy of the great music upon which it is founded.

On Friday afternoon Mr. Leonard Borwick and Mr. Plunket Greene gave the last of their recitals, a very pleasant series of three. Mr. Greene sang fine songs finely, but with what was often a too characteristic exaggeration of sentiment. Of the excellence of Mr. Borwick's playing there can be no doubt. His delicacy and exquisiteness never lose their beautiful quality. Sometimes, especially

in the playing of Beethoven, the music is a little too strong for him perhaps; but in the interpretation of more modern music—of Schumann and of Chopin, for example—he is nothing short of masterly. On this occasion he played the Nocturne in D minor most beautifully, and an impromptu by Schubert with no less a skill.

On Saturday, the anniversary of Beethoven's death, Mr. Manns gave a programme at the Palace entirely composed of that master's works. It is scarcely necessary to add, that under such guidance, nothing in its way could have been better. The Pastoral Symphony was nobly played, and Lady Hallé, as solo violinist in the Violin Concerto, was at her very best. Miss Marie Berg was the vocalist, and acquitted herself admirably. There was an exceedingly good attendance, though, for some strange reason, the critical benches were remarkably empty.



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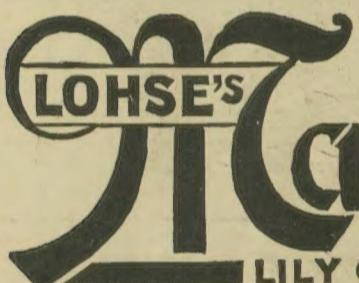
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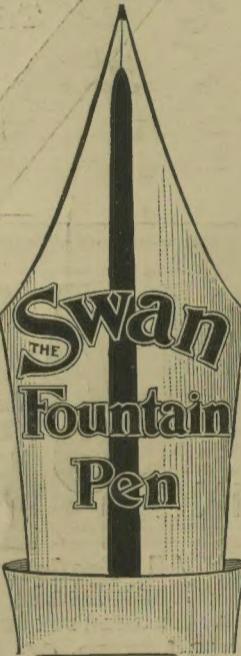
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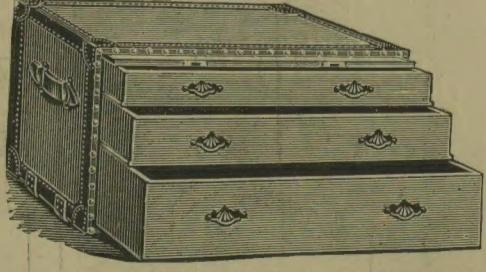
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